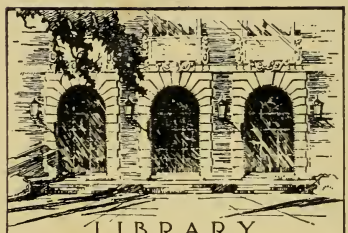

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THE

MASK OF FASHION,

A PLAIN TALE;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland-street, Strand.

THE

MASK OF FASHION;

A PLAIN TALE;

WITH,

ANECDOTES FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Volti sciolto, pensieri stretti. Chesterfield.

LONDON:

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DEDICATION.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS,

&c. &c. &c.

Madam,

It is the usurped privilege of an Author to soar on high for patronage; and, although mine is, peculiarly, an Eagle's flight, I am inspired to hope your Grace will condescendingly perceive, that humble admiration more than mingles with presumption.

Benevolence—Your Grace—is, naturally a mild, unobtrusive, virtue; but when illustrious Rank gives splendor to its blushing emanations, the brightened ray becomes, at once, dazzling and instructive.

Such is the effect of your Grace's domestic habits!

With this impression, I am ambitious to interest your Grace in favor of an exalted female, moulded in the fair form of your own retiring virtues: The dispensations of Providence have, indeed, sheltered your Grace from all, save the sympathies of affliction; yet an admiring world will proudly anticipate, that your Grace's dignified

example would emulate the heroine of my tale, under every pressure of calamity.

With perfect deference,

I have the honor to be,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

London,
November, 1806.

PREFACE.

" It will not do,"—said my friend, entering the room, and returning my MS. with a smile.—" Your Hero " is not moral."

" Bravo,"—I replied,—" a hypo- " crite and moral! what a two- " headed monster you wish me to " describe. Still, I contend, the " work is *strictly* moral."

" Rather say the outline is admi-
" rable ; but the colouring too high."

" I disclaim all subterfuge—how-
" ever, to admit your latter position,
" is merely to avow myself an humble
" imitator of a great master in the
" English school. The tints you
" censure, are, like those of Sir
" Joshua Carmine, *imposing*, not
" *permanent*."

" Dangerous distinction! Are you
" aware how pernicious this kind of
" reading is to youth ; and, how
" much it will behove parents to
" condemn your book ?"

" I am aware how *dangerous*, and
" how *fashionable*, it has been to
" admire the character of a Mrs.
" Haller—but I do not represent fe-
" male errors as an amiable weakness.
" It is true—I give to temptation all
" the allurements calculated to awaken
" the senses, and to lull the reason—
" The charm, however, is transient—
" it fades even to the impassioned
" fancy of sixteen—the warmth of
" imagination chills, when vice drops
" the borrowed mask of fascination:
" and, the agonies of repentance
" silence the emotions of sympathy."

" You are a casuist I perceive.—

" Still, I think such reasoning offen-
" sive to the morals of the Age."

" Good God!—shall the Age, then,
" dare to act, yet shrink before the
" mirror that reflects its degene-
" racy? I attack a favorite maxim
" —one, held up to the imitation of
" every finished Gentleman, under
" the baneful sanction of high autho-
" rity. I shew its subtile operation
" on a mind, great in calamity, and
" superior to the refinements of
" temptation. I mark its unlimited
" ascendancy over the generous feel-
" ings of innate Worth and Honour.
" I display its insidious advances,

" and ultimate subversion of undis-
" sembled Innocence—In short—I
" prove, that there are moments,
" when the purest motives yield to
" the magic influence of dissimula-
" tion: and, as example is more im-
" pressive than precept, I personify
" the developement of this specious
" system, as a beacon to reflect the
" fatal quicksand. — These are my
" claims to patronage."

" But are you sure, the mind, *at*
" *Sixteen*, will always appreciate
" your moral."

" Minds that are too imbecil to re-

" sist the illusion of imaginary scenes,
" have still less capacity to contend
" with the real temptations of life:
" Hence, the necessity of guarding
" their feelings against the frailties
" of human nature, and the glit-
" tering subterfuges by which such
" frailties are made subservient to
" the grossest crimes. The momen-
" tary triumph past—I reverse the
" medal—and exhibit horrors inse-
" parable from guilt; conscious, that
" the lesson will be indelible on every
" youthful heart, not naturally de-
" praved, when the stricken victim
" falls—like Lucifer—never to rise
" again!"

This was answered by a doubtful shake of the head—

" Psha,"— continued I,—" You " are an unwilling convert—I will " appeal to the public, and print our " conversation by way of preface.— " The criticism shall precede the " work."

" You cannot be serious—what, " with my name ?"

" Certainly not— nor my own " either — who would take me for " a philosopher ?"

He bade me adieu;—and I have kept my word.

Gentle Readers!

Be not dismayed with the captious arguments urged by an independent man of fashion, against a poor author; but condescend to judge for yourselves.

Follow—and I will lead you into scenes, that I have visited in person during a life, variously passed in the vicissitudes of splendour and affliction. At one moment, with a hope to claim the tear from virtuous Sensibility—at another, a smile from Innocence and Gaiety. The titled Fop,

who prostitutes his talents, shall be reproved, and the sterling attributes of polished society venerated. Virtue shall appear in all its native loveliness, and Vice in its appropriate deformity. The man of worth, though pennyless, shall find a bold defender—and the splendid hypocrite shall endure galling stripes at the hour of retribution.

If the bill of fare displease ye—throw it down.

INCIDENTS.

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Fortitude.
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Professional Gratitude.
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A Peep into a Prison.
The Bankrupt.
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A soi disant Nobleman.
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The pit-a-pat.
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—— Adieu.
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A Barouche and four.
The Gay Deceivers.

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The private Mad house.
A famous Achievement.
The Village Inn.
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Morning.
A penitential Letter.
The modest proposal.
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The *Honorable* Lover.
Catastrophe.
Laura's Vision.
A Fire.
Parental Affliction.
Refined Barbarity.
Companion in a post chaise.
A fruitless Attempt.
The Rookery.
Miss Aurelia Clementina Spraggs.
Modern Boarding Schools.
Insolvency.
The Widow's appeal.
Political Charity.
Effects of Vanity.
Airs and Graces.
The Explanation.
The dignity of Innocence.
Sudden Illness.
The Harpy.
Imminent Danger.
A horrible Dream.
Virtuous Perseverance.
The TRIUMPH!

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 44, l. 13, for, the marriage of *Canaan*, read of *Cana*.

P. 183, l. 23, for, though *under Forty*, read, *though in appearance under Thirty*.

VOL. II.

P. 135, l. 13, for, *Pharoah* Table, read *Faro* Table.

THE

MASK OF FASHION.

VOL. I.

A FRUGAL dinner having been removed by an elderly female servant, Mr. Manly, his wife, and daughter, turned their chairs to the fire.

Their apartments were neat, but small; consisting of two rooms, and a light closet, on the second floor of an house in the Edgeware-road, to which the family had,

that day been driven, by an execution, from their elegant mansion in Portman-square.

A certain air of melancholy was visible in the countenances of this little party; yet so tempered with piety, that affliction seemed divested of its keenest pangs.

"Well, my dear Mary," said Mr. Manly, affectionately addressing his wife— "do you not think it possible to find con- "tent within this humble dwelling? The "change will, at least, raise our minds to a "contemplation of our entire dependence "on the Almighty, and teach us submis- "sion to his divine will:— A lesson, my "love, too often neglected in the enjoy- "ment of plenty; which, so far from "giving us a grateful remembrance of the "blessings we partake, lull us into a

" shameful forgetfulness of HIM, from " whom, alone, these blessings flow.

" Adversity, my dear, is the touchstone " of the heart, and fortitude in support- " ing it, the sure test of an uncorrupted " mind,—it is a sentiment founded on " religion: it does not blunt our sensi- " bility—it merely directs its operation; " it instructs us to bear the dispensations " of providence without repining: it calls " forth our noblest exertions in the hour " of trial: and tends to convince us, that " the burthen imposed is not beyond our " strength.

" In the morning of life, all appears " joyous; Man sets out gaily, unconscious " of the vicissitudes of this world; and " looks eagerly forward to the fulfilment " of his happiness, in the completion

" of those plans he supposes essential to " it.

" At noon, unforeseen accidents blight " his visionary prospects; at night, he is " called upon by experience, to estimate, " with candour, the frail enjoyments of " humanity, and he pronounces the verdict " of VANITY on all sublunary expecta- " tions."

At the conclusion of this consolatory appeal to the heart and understanding of Mrs. Manly—she arose, and throwing her arms about her husband's neck, declared, that the only happiness she could know, would arise from a conviction of his perfect resignation; while Laura, whose fine blue eyes glistened with the tear of sensibility, circled her beloved parents with a fond embrace, and cordially joined in the affectionate assurances of her amiable mother.

Mr. Manly was the second son of a wealthy family in the north of England—but, an accident proving fatal to his elder brother, at the age of nineteen, he became the heir apparent of his father's large possessions.

About four years after this event, the old gentleman died, leaving his only son landed property to the amount of £25,000 per annum; subject merely to the payment of £10,000, to each of his three sisters on the day of marriage.

With an elegant person, and thus distinguished by fortune, Mr. Manly found no obstacle to his wishes, in soliciting the hand of Miss Douglass; a young Lady of small fortune, but of superior worth.

On his marriage, Mr. Manly removed to town; where his establishment was suit-

ed to the splendor of his income; still he devoted himself, as much as the claims of the world would permit, to the society of his own family.

One son, named Edward after his Grandfather, (then a major in the army serving abroad), Laura, now in her eighteenth year, and Mary, who died an infant, were the fruit of this marriage.

In the bosom of domestic felicity this happy pair, loving and beloved, passed twenty years of uninterrupted harmony and bliss.

At this period a very extraordinary event involved them in a law-suit; which, after a variety of hopes and fears, ended in their ruin.

By a decree in chancery they were, in

one moment, deprived not only of their estates, but their funded property: even Mrs. Manly's jointure, excepting £3,000 which had been her marriage portion, was included in the wreck. It also involved the fortunes of Mr. Manly's sisters; his current cash, however, being vested with a banker at the west end of the town, that little remnant of his former affluence was considered safe.

But the law is *prolific*—the banker was enticed into the city on a false pretence, and the moment he had passed Temple-bar an attachment was served on his person, which stopped all further payments on Mr. Manly's account.

Nor was this all;—on the day following this cruel blow, an execution was put into the house at Portman-Square, by Mr. Snake, his own attorney—a man who had risen

under his influence—for a bill of costs amounting to nearly £4,000.

For some days this virtuous family was bowed down by the pressure of misfortune: till, consoled by the endearing tenderness of each other, sorrow began, imperceptibly, to steal away; when the relentless hand of power again assailed them; and Mr. Manly was arrested by his merciless creditor, for the balance of his claim, unliquidated by the sale of their effects.

He was as usual taken to a spunging-house, where he remained till the approaching term made it necessary he should move, by Habeas, to the Fleet.

This was the moment of trial. Mr. Manly, in himself, was superior to that weakness, which yields a degenerate submission to the severities of calamity—his

hopes were founded on a never-failing consolation, which gave new dignity to his character; but when the coach was announced to conduct him to a PRISON, Mrs. Manly, who had repeatedly, but in vain, urged him to give up her little fortune, overcome by contending feelings, threw herself on her knees before her husband, entreating him, in all the agony of despair, to yield to her wishes.

A tear, warm from the heart, now dimmed the eye of Mr. Manly—a painful pressure clung about his bosom—a suffocation stopped his utterance.

At length, falling on his knees by the side of his wife, he fondly clasped her to his breast, and the stream of tenderness, finding a passage down his cheek, relieved the oppressive tumult of his feel-

ings—then, raising his swimming eyes to Heaven, he devoutly exclaimed,

" Oh, father of all goodness! look " down with mercy on the sufferings of " this exalted woman—endue her with " power to obey thy will; and, in thy " good time, reward her virtues!

" Now," turning, " press me no more, " my best love—fate has already shewn " you a sad reverse of fortune; but " the little that remains will still " preserve you from want, and procure, " hereafter, a settlement for our dear " Laura.—As to my boy, he is a soldier!— " Let him carve his own fortune. Rise, " my love, I am prepared to meet whatever " may await me, if *you* do not rob me of " that firmness which is become my *sole* " possession."

Mrs. Manly, awed by the manner, and instructed by the example, of her husband, endeavoured to compose herself; so that, when he took leave, the adieu was less painful than might have been expected.

The forms of office detained Mr. Manly and his keeper at the Judge's chambers till past 8 o'clock, when they drove to the Fleet.

Here a new ceremony awaited the prisoner; who, while he thought himself alone, was sitting for his picture. At length, the deputy-warden made his appearance, and having, obligingly enough, conversed with him a few minutes, directed one of the turnkeys to procure the gentleman a room for the night.

With some difficulty accommodation was obtained in a two-bedded room, and Mr.

Manly followed the turnkey to his new lodging.

The night wore all the dismal properties of November——the rain poured—the wind howled—a raw, comfortless cold, chilled the frame of Mr. Manly as he crossed the court-yard.

Conducted by a stone stair-case, they alighted in a long, low-vaulted gallery, having a glimmering lamp depending from the centre arch, whose feeble flame contributed to heighten the horror of the surrounding gloom. Their footsteps echoed as they passed along the stone pavement; wet with damps increased by a moisture, dripping from the unplastered walls, in green and yellow streams.

Mr. Manly, as it were, mechanically shrank from this appalling scene; but on

entering a room of the same construction with the gallery, he found a comfortable fire;—a small table stood opposite, on a square piece of carpeting, which, with four chairs, and two decent-looking turn-up beds, completed the furniture.

The stranger welcomed Mr. Manly with a friendly offer of his services; and the keeper having received a small present for his trouble, wished them a good night. The master of the room then locked the door to prevent impertinent curiosity; and, addressing his companion, said,

"This, Sir, is a miserable scene to "encounter; but in a day or two you "will be more at ease. I remember well, "although it is five years ago, the impression "made by my first arrival here; but you "will do well to keep up your spirits: "the prison is conducted on a liberal plan,

" and good accommodation may be had—
" not, indeed, from the warden, who makes
" no distinction—but from prisoners whose
" long confinement has left them no
" means of support, but that which may
" arise from letting out their rooms. The
" price, however, of this privilege, is
" limited by the bye laws;—still few gen-
" tlemen, who enter these walls with full
" purses, scruple to enrich, by yielding
" to a little extortion, an old prisoner
" pining with want."

" May I ask," replied Mr. Manly,
" what are the leading regulations of the
" place, and by what means I may procure
" a room to myself."

" I will satisfy you with pleasure, Sir;—
" the first step to be taken, is the payment
" of your fees, which will entitle you to
" be chummed on a room."

" A college term," said Mr. Manly, smiling ;—" but pray proceed."

" This chummage, however, is often of " little or no accommodation, to a gentle- " man having a family, or wishing to be " alone ; but, if you will suffer me, good " Sir, to direct you, I will engage you a " room in the upper gallery, which is " floored, and more comfortable in every " respect than this ; that you may keep " to yourself at a trifling expense.

" This is the least precarious way of " settling yourself, but requires a know- " ledge of the place to effect. In course " of seniority you will become proprietor " of a room ; but the oldest, as well as " the youngest prisoner, is alike subject " to the chummage, which takes place in " rotation throughout the house, without " regard to persons."

" Are there no allowances for the poor?" said Mr. Manly; " and how do such con-
" trive as are unable to pay these fees ?"

" One wing of the house, Sir, is called
" the Poor side; the inmates of which, by
" turns, take their day at the begging grate
" that opens on the market. This is often
" a very productive resource; besides
" which, there are charitable persons who
" make presents to the prison, at Christmas,
" of coals, meat, bread, &c. and these
" donations are applied exclusively to the
" Poor-side. In addition to this, every
" pauper, after a certain process, may
" compel his creditor to pay him 3*s.* 6*d.* per
" week, and on failure of such payment,
" regularly every Monday, the debt is dis-
" charged for ever.

" Of those who do not, or cannot,
" pay their fees, a very fair advantage is

" taken by the gentleman next to be
" chummed; who, by advancing such fees,
" secures the absence of his chum seven
" weeks from his room; the new-comer is
" privileged accordingly, and usually ac-
" cepts a weekly stipend, after the expi-
" ration of the allotted term, to lodge
" himself elsewhere.

" There are, besides, racket grounds,
" and skittle allies, from whence prisoners
" holding them derive a comfortable live-
" lihood. When a vacancy happens, the
" new member is elected by a majority of
" votes, regularly polled by an officer of
" the house; this ceremony is often pro-
" ductive of as much jockeyship as a county
" election.

" For general accommodation, here are
" shops of every description, licensed by
" the warden; an excellent tap; and a

" public kitchen, where you may get your
" dinner dressed at a moderate expense.

" The use of spirits is prohibited here;
" but sold notwithstanding in great quan-
" tities. The retailer's rooms are called
" *whistling shops*—meaning, that instead
" of asking for spirits you are to whistle,
" which is perfectly explanatory.

" But the lower order are by no means
" the poorest class in this house. They
" associate together in parties; and he
" who has money to-day treats his com-
" rades; by whom he is treated in return
" to-morrow; for these sort of people are
" humanely visited by their friends, who
" contribute much to their comfort, in
" small but frequent presents. The situ-
" ation most to be deplored, is that of a
" decayed Gentleman, left to perish here
" by an unfeeling world, who once perhaps

" idolized him—Now his relations with-
" hold their assistance, humanely consi-
" dering it a duty to let him *bite upon*
" *the bridle*;—his friends are too fashion
" able to remember him; so, that when
" his purse fails, he is compelled to live
" like a moth, upon his clothes; and when
" they fail, he becomes a miserable object
" of excessive wretchedness.

" No opinion, my good Sir," continued
" the communicative stranger, " can be
" more falsely grounded, than that which
" supposes a prison calculated to reform
" either the follies or the degeneracy of the
" age. It sometimes happens, that a strong
" mind, although it may have been estran-
" ged from the direct road of prudence,
" will still, under every appalling misery,
" cling to those principles of virtue in which
" it has been educated: but more frequently
" have I had occasion to witness the

" fatal operation of Want—It gradually
" familiarizes the objects to progressive
" improprieties—and delicacy once re-
" moved—the poignancy of reflection
" embitters their lives.—They fly to the
" bottle—and the Gentleman, who has
" been brought up with every tenderness
" and accomplishment, sinks into the de-
" graded character of a proverbial gin-
" drinker. When, at length, an act of
" Insolvency, or other casualty, relieves
" him from his miseries here, it is merely
" to transplant him in still greater else-
" where."

" Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Manly, shuddering—" what an affecting picture
" you have drawn,—from your own expe-
" rience too. I trust, however, such de-
" generacy is rare."

" My long residence here, Sir, has

" made me a philosopher: I view things
" as they are, and judge them without
" prejudice. To those accustomed to af-
" fluence, it may appear strange, that any
" circumstance should be sufficiently pow-
" erful to degrade a Gentleman from the
" dignity he ought invariably to maintain;
" but the reiterated appeals of hunger be-
" come irresistible; no man can say, with-
" out having experienced similar distresses,
" how he would act under them.—Human
" nature is frail—more prone to yield to
" error, than to resist it.—But come, Sir,
" this is dry talking, give me leave to
" offer you a glass of warm brandy and
" water."

Mr. Manly, who saw a great deal of good sense in the observation of his host, unaffectedly accepted his proposal: and having chatted half an hour longer, they prepared to make their beds.

When Mr. Manly was leaving the sponging house, his wife put a small basket into his left hand; and affectionately pressing the right between both hers, tenderly besought him to remember the sheets contained in the basket, when he was going to bed, and to be careful of his health *for her sake*.

The last three words were accompanied by a tone and gesture—so tender and expressive, that the sweet remembrance play'd about the heart of Mr. Manly as he unpacked the bundle; and gave birth to the most exquisite emotions.

"Yes; best of women!" he mentally replied, "for *thy dear sake*, I will calmly "meet the sorrows of this world—smooth "the pillow of affliction for thy repose—"and cheer thee onward to immortal "bliss."

Having made this silent apostrophe, he prepared his bed, and both retired for the night.

Poor Mrs. Manly, who had painfully emulated the bright example of her husband, burst into tears the moment he was gone. Her reflections, as she walked homewards, did not at all tend to a restoration of her peace; and, when she reached her lodging, the penetrating glance of Laura's enquiring eye, dissolved her once more in a flood of tears.

The amiable attention, however, of her scarcely less-agitated daughter, gradually composed her, and they went to bed early—something more at ease.

Mr. Lustring, Mr. Manly's new acquaintance, was an uncertificated bankrupt. He had wisely reserved a provision against

the rainy day, his declining business had some time predicted. I say, *wisely*, because the man who pays away his last shilling, has a twofold contumely to buffet with in his difficulties; *namely*, the *reputation* of dishonesty, and the *crime* of poverty: whereas, Mr. Lustring, although his want of a certificate tacitly argued a want of correctness in his affairs, by having a constant supply of money to pay for every thing he wanted, and by conducting himself with propriety and moderation in his expenses, was not only respected, but distinguished by the appellation of a worthy, inoffensive man. He had a heart also open to charity; and from his abundance, unostentatiously shared with merit in distress. Mr. Manly's air, when he first entered the room, prepossessed Mr. Lustring so much in his favour, that he resolved to do him the best services in his power.—With this determination he went to sleep; and Mr.

Manly having made some arrangements in his own mind, wrote to his wife and daughter, on the following morning, an account of his comparatively comfortable situation, and to press on them his earnest wishes, that they would refrain from visiting him, at least for some days.

To this painful privation, the ladies reluctantly submitted. Indeed Mrs. Manly had so accustomed herself to form no desire in opposition to her husband, that she considered what he had written an insuperable objection to the indulgence of her wishes.

Hitherto, the progress of the law had been so rapid, they had scarcely a moment to digest any plan for their future guidance—in one thing, however, they were agreed—to shield themselves from the condolement of unfeeling affluence, by closing all con-

nection with their former intimates: but Mrs. Manly had a brother—the Revd. Mr. Douglass—to whom she was tenderly attached, and who had always returned her affection with equal warmth.

This gentleman was of small fortune; but Mrs. Manly was not without hopes that he might, either by his advice, or influence, be of service in the present distressing juncture; and the intimacy subsisting between him and her husband, seemed to sanction the application she now thought it prudent to make. There was a degree of duplicity in taking this step, without Mr. Manly's concurrence, which, at first, upbraided his wife—but the rectitude of her intentions appeased the sentiment, and she reconciled the act, satisfied it was at most a venial offense.

Mr. Lustring's room was on the eastern

side of the prison, overlooking the racket-ground, which continued some days too damp to bound the balls, and made a chasm in the existence of the "*Time Killers*" of the place, which they, *most rationally*, filled up at a whistling shop.

Meanwhile, Mr. Manly relied on his new friend for his future accommodation; and it was agreed they should board together till that could be arranged.

A few mornings after, Mr. Manly was awakened by a reverberation of the balls from the wall, and the vociferous tones in which the markers called the game. Finding it impossible to sleep, he arose, and having dressed himself, went to the window, where all appeared active and zealous in pursuit of their sports.

After breakfast Mr. Lustring invited his

guest to return to the window, promising to explain to him the characters of the different players.

" That lusty gentleman whom you see " so active, is the most independent of " our inhabitants. He keeps a regular " table, and excellent port: he is much " beloved by every one; and many is the " hungry belly filled by his benevo- " lence.

" The person now about to serve the " ball, is a *soi disant* foreign nobleman; " he has been many years here, and likely " to remain many more.—Poor fellow! he " is inoffensive in himself, but having " married an adventurer on the continent, " who has shewn the people in this coun- " try a refinement in the art of swindling, " unknown before, he is implicated in " her guilt. The lady is at this moment

" in Newgate, under a borrowed name,
" and said to possess such insinuating
" manners, that those even whom she
" has defrauded, become converts to her
" opinion, and forget their losses in the
" fascination of her smile."

" It is a very remarkable fact," interrupted Mr. Manly, " that no country
" has suffered more than this, from the artful subterfuges of designing villany;
" and yet the people continue such determined dupes to their own undoing,
" that fine words, and a hired equipage will,
" as if by magic, convey the goods from an
" honest tradesman's shop to the ready-
" furnished residence of a colonel for the
" day, or a self-created woman of fashion."

" Strange infatuation, indeed Sir; and
" one in which I have myself been a suf-

" ferer; but it is an evil that must cure
" itself. Pray observe that youth, so
" fantastically dressed, who has just begun
" to play in the farther ground."

" I observe," returned Mr. Manly,
" that he is too great an admirer of every
" awkward turn in his own person, to pay
" any attention to the game."

" And yet Sir, he considers himself a
" fine gentleman—but he mistakes a ridi-
" culous contortion of his limbs for grace;
" and a petulence in conversation for wit.
" Notwithstanding, you would sometimes
" suppose him not deficient in understand-
" ing; if almost every action of his life
" did not contradict the opinion.

" Young as he is, one third, at least,
" of his life has been passed in prison.
" His father died lately, leaving him

" a handsome fortune; but instead of
" applying it to an arrangement of his
" debts, he has purchased the rules—
" taken elegant lodgings—keeps his cur-
" ricle—and sits down every day to the
" most expensive luxuries of the season.
" In the morning, he condescends to
" lounge in here, to work of, by exercise,
" the fumes of yesterday's debauch, and
" prepare himself for that which is to fol-
" low at night. It is his amusement to ruin
" the poor young girls, whose parents are
" prisoners here, and his pride to publish
" their shame."

" Insufferable coxcomb," exclaimed Mr. Manly indignantly; " pray turn to ano-
" ther subject—do tell me who is that
" genteel young man with such a fright-
" ful black beard?"

" A gentleman, Sir, of singular opinions;

" he has been here only a few months; but
" has never suffered his beard to be cut in
" all that time. Report says that he has
" lived in the fashionable world, and that
" his purse not keeping pace with his ex-
" penses, he is sent hither to study Cock-
" er's arithmetic—as to the rest, his man-
" ners are pleasing, and he lives retired and
" very independently. But I would direct
" your attention to that ugly little fellow
" just come on the ground.

" That man, Sir, has been known at
" different times, by the name of every
" letter in the alphabet, from Mr. A. B.
" progressively, and interchangeably, to
" Mr. Y. Z.—He is one of those pests to
" society called " Money Lenders," and
" said to be a very able financier; but
" after having driven nine out of ten
" of his friends to their ruin, he is now
" verging towards his own.—Many an

" heir will curse him to the last hour of " their being."

In this way the morning passed, and Mr. Manly had such new scenes opened to his contemplation, that, in pursuing them, he, fairly robbed sorrow, for the day, of its wonted acrimony.

An interval of nearly a fortnight had now elapsed, during which Mrs. Manly received a very affectionate letter from Mr. Douglass, lamenting the smallness of his income, and that the calls of his family had so far exceeded his means, as to oblige him to encumber the paternal estate with a mortgage. Still he assured his sister of his earnest wishes to serve her, and proposed coming to town immediately, in the hope of being able to effect a compromise with Mr. Snake. He concluded, by desiring his sister to confine the knowledge of his

intentions to herself, as a disappointment, when hope was once raised, produced accumulated bitterness.

Consoled by the feeble prospect opened by these promises, Mrs. Manly became more at ease, and longed ardently for the moment that was to re-unite her to her husband.

Shortly after an opportunity offered; and Mr. Lustring having arranged every thing for the purpose, requested Mr. Manly, who had not hitherto left the room, to walk up stairs, and visit his future abode.

At their return, Mr. Lustring enquired if Mr. Manly had noticed a gentleman who was walking in the gallery, wrapped up in a large flannel gown, after the manner of a Capuchin: he replied he had, and that the picture excited his curiosity.

" That," continued Mr. Lustring, "is a
" most eccentric character,—a young Mi-
" santhrope—we know little of him, except
" that he has lived much in the gay world,
" and thrown his substance away among
" the herd of reptiles, who eagerly crowd
" round a well-served table. He is a gen-
" tleman of good birth and polished edu-
" cation; his family affluent, and his for-
" mer friends numerous: yet he is visited
" by no one save a very interesting female,
" of that class denominated in the world
" —abandoned —But this lovely creature,
" with all her imperfections on her head,
" has virtues to shame the rigid prude, and
" cast an odium on the apathy of the af-
" fluent moralist;—her attention to him,
" is unremitted; and is, indeed, the only
" enjoyment he allows himself. Courted
" by the invitations of the more indepen-
" dent inhabitants of this house, he, not-
" withstanding, rejects their obliging ef-

" forts to withdraw him from seclusion;
" and in the solitary pleasure of keeping
" his room free from a chum, he deprives
" himself of every other comfort.

" He suffers want without complaint;—
" walks, for hours, as you have seen,
" alone, either unconscious, or regardless
" that any human being is near him: and
" when fatigue drives him home, he eats
" his crust in surly independence."

Mr. Manly, interested by this short sketch, enquired how long the gentleman had been a prisoner.

" Nearly as long as myself, Sir; he de-
" scended from his carriage at the door of
" the spunging house, and at that moment
" took leave of the world."

Mr. Manly made no reply, but formed

a wish, in his own mind, to attempt the acquaintance of this singular young man.

The next day he sent for a broker, and having with his assistance just given comfort to his apartment, he wrote to his wife, requesting her company to dinner on the morrow.

The rapture with which Mrs. Manly anticipated the meeting of the following day is indescribable.—She passed a sleepless night in chiding the tardy progress of time; and when the hour at last arrived, she hastened, or rather flew, to her appointment.—She was delighted at finding every thing so much beyond her expectation; and the day passed in a blissful intercourse unknown to common minds.—She took leave at night, with permission to return next day, and lead the trembling Laura to partake their happiness.

This lovely girl obeyed the pleasing summons with alacrity ; the entry into the prison, notwithstanding, gave a sudden shock to her feelings—she tottered up the stairs with some difficulty ; and, on entering the room, had just power to utter—Father !—and fell senseless on the floor.

Remedies were applied for her recovery ; but a paternal embrace had the superior charm to chase away her apprehensions ;—she became more assured—smiled at her weakness—and, at length, added her cheerful efforts, to those of her parents, to gild the melancholy scene.

The pleasures of this day made them all forgetful of the hour ; when they were awakened to a sense of their situation, by the hoarse echo of a voice bawling from below—" *All out.*"

The ladies were startled; till Mr. Manly laughingly told them it was a signal for the departure of strangers, which took place every night at 10 o'clock. A coach was sent for, and they separated till the following Sunday.

The next morning was passed at home by Laura and her mother, who hourly expected Mr. Manly's release, from her brother's inteference, and they were planning arrangements for their future guidance, when Martha came in to prepare for dinner.

This faithful creature had been Laura's nurse, and was now, from attachment, their only attendant; she doated on her child, as she still called Laura, and well she might.

Laura, born to affluence—accustomed

to command—adorned with every accomplishment to grace her person, and every virtue to dignify her mind—at an age, too, when the truant heart of woman just begins to pant for conquest—without a sigh, gave up the giddy privileges of her splendid birth, and fancifully drew the outlines of a little farm, regulated by the cheerful Industry of their united labours.

This peaceful vision was again interrupted by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door.

Laura flew to the window—" Bless me " Mamma—only conceive—it is my aunt " Bertie and Emily."

The two elder of Mr. Manly's sisters were suitably married to country gentlemen, who lived almost wholly on their respective estates: but Mr. Manly's dis-

position and theirs not at all agreeing, little intercourse subsisted between their families, and that little was more regulated by ceremony than cordiality.

The youngest, being remarkable for her personal attractions, insensibly grew up in the indulgence of ambitious views, and rejected, with disdain, the humble offerings made in the country at the shrine of her beauty: and although this propensity naturally made her vain and giddy, still she possessed a feeling heart and virtuous principles.

On her brother's marriage she followed to town and became one of his family. Here she led half the youths in her chains, till seduced by the insinuating manners and *peculiar* elegance of a rake of fashion, she yielded her hand, in defiance of all remonstrance, to the glitter of a coronet, and

the anticipation of a Marquisate; an event by no means improbable, as the heir apparent was then at Naples, wasting in a rapid decline.

Lord William Bertie, equally thoughtless with herself, made no opposition to the splendour of his Lady's equipage, or the magnificence of her entertainments; while she eagerly entered into every scene of fashionable extravagance—was a rigid observer of the forms imposed by high life—punctilous in the extreme—and a perfect slave to her rank.

His Lordship's fortune descended to him in right of his mother; whose settlement of £8000 per ann. devolved to the second son;—her Ladyship's £10,000 was settled upon herself.

Little domestic happiness could be ex-

pected to result from such a union—My Lord passed his mornings at Tattersal's, or on the ride in Hyde-park—his nights at Boodles, or the Union—My Lady studied her glass all the forenoon—issued inconsiderate orders to her tradespeople—neglected the payment of her bills—and drowned reflection in the whirlpool of dissipation. She was, however, fondly attached to her brother and his family, and doated with extravagance on her only child Emily—now a celebrated toast.

The failure of her family law suit was such a shock to her feelings, that, for a time, it expelled every other idea, till recollecting how fatally it had involved her brother, she ordered her carriage to go in quest of him.

Her Ladyship was received at the head of the stairs by her sister and Laura.

Taking a hand of each, she gaily exclaimed, " indeed I am very happy to see " you both ; but I have been so terrified— " only conceive—on my driving to Port- " man-square, two hideous fellows came to " the carriage door, to inform me you had " moved from thence upwards of a fort- " night—I stared—enquiring where you " were to be found."

" Taking your address, I drove away as " fast as possible ; but the odious wretches " had poured into my vis, such a stench of " filthy——*gin*, I believe they call it—— " that I thought I must have fainted in de- " fiance of my otto of roses."

" Your Ladyship is very good, and you " do us infinite honor in this obliging en- " quiry."

" Nay—Mary !—not so gravely either—

" you know I love you and my brother
" dearly; notwithstanding your morality
" has often put my levity to the blush,
" and given me the pouts for a full half
" hour together—come, now, do let us
" make friends (taking her hand playfully)
" I know you do not *hate* me."

" Indeed, my dear Lady William, you
" possess a large portion of my regard;
" but my spirits are not in tune at this
" moment——the decree—"

" Oh, my love, I shall expire this
" moment if you mention it," interrupted
Lady William, " It has robbed me of all
" my sweet pin-money—then my hall is so
" crouded with importunate tradesmen from
" morning to night—a set of people who
" are so unconscionable, it is impossible to
" satisfy them say what you will—and when
" I tell my precious helpmate how I am

" besieged, he looks so frantic, you have
" no idea—it is quite terrible to see him ;
" for you must know, he has been mon-
" strously in the dumps ever since that
" shocking affair, and the most I have
" been able to do, is to extract a mono-
" syllable from him, when I ask for
" money, and that is, a frightful—NO—
" but where is my brother? this abomi-
" nable lodging is, I suppose, one of his
" romantic flights."

A sigh from Mrs. Manly corrected, in an instant, the flippancy of her rattling Ladyship, who now looked all anxiety and apprehension—beseeching her to relieve her fears.

Mrs. Manly began her little narrative of woe ; but when she was about to name the —PRISON—she burst into tears, and could not proceed.

Emily threw herself into her aunt's arms, and wept with her—then running to her mother,

" Will you not, my own dear mamma, " let me bring my aunt the diamond neck " lace and ear-rings grand-papa gave me " last winter."

" Yes, my sweet child, indeed you " shall—we will go home directly: you " must add my jewels to the gift, and I " hope between us, we may be able to " release your poor dear uncle."

" Oh, how I love my dear mamma," replied Emily, kissing her—" better if pos- " sible than ever—shall I order up the " carriage, mamma ?"

" Stop, my dear Emily," said Mrs. Manly, " we must be more calm—let me go

" on with the story," which she concluded with describing several visits she had received from her brother, who had kindly borrowed £500, and had every hope of prevailing with Mr. Snake to accept it in discharge of his balance.

" Well my love," replied Lady William, " if you can manage it, I will not attempt " to deprive you of so much real pleasure; " but I must have no unnecessary delay— " Indeed, Mary, with all my volatility, I " never could reconcile to myself an appear- " ance with jewels on my person, while my " worthy brother was shut up in a dun- " geon !"

This interesting visit produced an appointment for the following day, beyond which, Lady William insisted nothing should retard her plan; and they had just concluded every thing, when another knock announced Mr. Douglass.

Before either of the ladies could speak, he said,

" Be at ease, my sister, I have good " news for you"—and having prepared them to see Mr. Manly in the morning,—he added, " I believe now, surprise will " not kill you," and rising to open the door, Mr. Manly rushed into the embraces of his wife.

Mr. Douglass, who was the only one in the room, with a proper use of his senses, looked in silent rapture on this scene.—It was the happiest moment of his life, and he would gladly have purchased it with his whole fortune.

When the effusions of sudden joy had a little subsided, Lady William sent home her carriage—to return at eleven—all

thoughts of dinner were forgotten, and an early supper ordered.

In course of the evening, Lady William proposed that her niece should accompany her to Bath, whither she was going in a few days, more, in reality, to get rid of her *duns*, than in pursuit of pleasure.

Laura objected to leaving her parents, but Mr. Douglass and Mr. Manly both thought the change of scene would be proper, under present circumstances, and she might return when the family was settled.

When the party broke up, new tokens of joy were manifested by this re-united family; and Martha, as happy as the best of them, came into the room to wish her master joy, and testify her heartfelt satisfaction at the event.

For some days, Mr. Manly was busied in calling in his tradesmen's bills; and the ladies, in preparing for the departure of Laura; who, by the rapacity of Mr. Snake, was reduced almost to want a change of linen.

A very simple wardrobe was collected; and after a fond adieu, on the appointed morning, she stepped into the travelling carriage with her aunt and Emily, which flew off with four posters, and was soon out of sight.

As this is the season when all the gay and idle flock to Bath in pursuit of pleasure, and as our lovely cousins are about to mingle with the giddy groups that crowd the levees of Bath's Rival *Kings*; it may be expected I should describe them.

It is possible, that by simply saying they were lovely, I may adorn them with every

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grace; then each of my readers will view them after their own fancy, and they will be handsome in the eyes of all.

What is beauty?

An indefinable charm—arbitrary in itself —various as the nations of the Globe— depending on the caprice of the objects who peruse it.

In one country, mothers carefully mould the heads of new-born infants into the shape of a sugar-loaf—In another, they as assiduously press them between two boards, till they become flat like a pan-cake.

With us a small ear is considered beautiful; while others use every possible means to give extension to that member, till it

hangs like a dew-lap down their shoulders.

An European Belle eagerly resorts to the artificial aid of red and white to give delicacy to her complexion; while the Hottentot as carefully besmears her skin, with soot and oil, to vie in jetty blackness with a rival beauty.

A pleasant anecdote is related of a handsome young Englishman presenting himself at a village church in the Alps; where, from the peculiar qualities of the water, all the inhabitants are afflicted with large wens, by them called *Gothers*. The eyes of all turned towards the stranger, and it was unanimously admitted, that he would have been completely handsome *with a Gother.*

And these whimsical ideas of beauty are

more absurd among the civilized nations of Europe, than among the more remote and barbarous climes of Africa or America. There the Otaheitan will scarify his body, and the negro his face, after the fashion of centuries past; whereas, with us, the standard is so fluctuating, that the beauty of to-day, is liable to become the deformity of to-morrow.

I shall therefore represent them as they really were.

Emily, by a few months the elder, was of a finely-proportioned figure, and majestic form; her eyes dark, sprightly, penetrating; her nose acquiline; her features full of expression, not quite untinctured with hauteur.—As to her accomplishments—she danced well—played with talent —sang with taste,—and could repeat,—

with fluency, the names of every new literary bagatelle.

With these powers to captivate, she "came out" the preceding winter; and, as usual with every fine girl, had a train of fops for ever at her heels: but Emily had merely amused herself with their follies, and laughed at their affected pains;—no serious proposal had hitherto met her contemplation.

Laura, who was educated at home, had not, as yet, "been presented"—when she appeared, therefore, at the rooms, her sylph-like form excited an universal buz of admiration.

Her height scarcely exceeded the middle stature—her person of the most delicate symmetry—her limbs beautifully moulded.

Light blue eyes—mild representatives of every feminine virtue—animated a countenance exquisitely fair. White even teeth, which a smiling dimple frequently discovered, contrasted with the rich carnation of her small full lips—while auburn ringlets lightly shadowed the tinted veins around her temples.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of her hand and arm; and, when she embraced her Harp—the obedient strings, in unison with vocal melody, and modest grace, breathed tones of sweetness irresistible.—To these attractions were added, the never-fading charms of a well-stored mind.

A young woman's entrèe into the world is the critical moment of her life: It is usually expected with impatience, and hailed with rapture—unmindful that her future lot is marked by its uncertain influ-

ence on her mind, and all her happiness to come dependent on it.

While the party at Bath were employed in visiting ceremonials ; Mr. and Mrs. Manly were devising plans for their future establishment.—They had always been so strictly attentive to the payment of their trades-people ; that the whole of their outstanding debts scarcely amounted to £200. This sum, however, must be paid. It was, therefore, after a variety of opinions, resolved, that they should await the ratification of peace, almost hourly expected, when they might sell out of the stocks with more advantage, and in the mean time, remain where they were. They were fortunately rich enough not to be in immediate difficulties.

The next step proposed, was the repayment of the £500, advanced them by

Mr. Douglass; which, with the bills due, would reduce their fortune to £2300. Of this, £2000 was to be vested in the hands of an opulent merchant at 5 per cent. interest, and the remainder held in their own possession, to stock a farm, and supply other contingencies.

Several letters passed to and from Bath; but as their interest was chiefly confined to the parties, we shall not lay them before our readers.

Among the numerous fashionables who thronged the pump-room every morning, was the Honorable Augustus Mansel Dormer, a young gentleman of the most prepossessing appearance, and elegant person. His good moral character was a *passe partout*, admitted by the most rigid mothers; and happy was the girl who could procure his arm for a morning's

lounge, or engage him for a partner at the rooms. His actual income was small, but his expectations considerable. He did not flatter with that presuming familiarity —so nearly allied to impertinence—which distinguishes our modern beaux. His address was manly—his smile bewitching—his manners polished in the extreme—his conversation pleasing and instructive.

He was a proficient in music, and consequently eagerly sought to bear a part at every private concert of *haut ton*: he was even admitted to the more select parties of young ladies in the morning, where his fine taste and brilliant execution, corrected, while they appeared to flatter, the performance of his fair associates; and so little self-consequence did he draw from these particular distinctions, that he was universally considered the most modest, as well as the most amiable, of men.

Emily was delighted with this phenomenon: and, as she really played with science, he took much pleasure in her society. The gentle Laura, too, would sometimes lend her aid, and their mornings, now, were mostly devoted to this enchanting amusement.

One day he chanced to call while Emily and her mother were engaged in their dressing room—and, on being introduced to the back drawing room, found Laura alone.

After the usual compliments of salutation; Mr. Dormer, observing the piano open, said,

"Will the lovely Miss Manly conde-
"scend to *give* me a lesson?"

"I will *play* you a lesson," she replied laughing, "fye, Mr. Dormer; such ano-

" ther *equivoque* would effectually destroy
" your reputation for candour."

" To be so sweetly chidden, I could
" err all day—if it be an error to *feel* a
" proper value for Miss Manly's superior
" accomplishments."

" Nay—now I perceive you jest; and as
" I have no talent at raillery, I throw my-
" self on your mercy—let me shew you,"—
turning to the music stand—" some new
" songs my cousin has just received from
" town."

He opened the book, and read,

Mark'd you her eyes of heavenly blue?
Mark'd you her cheeks of roseate hue?
Those eyes, in liquid circles, moving;
That cheek abash'd at Man's approving;
The one, love's arrows darting round;
The other, blushing at the wound!

" I will play, Mr. Dormer," said Laura, taking her seat at the instrument, " if you " will sing!"

For a moment, Dormer gazed full in Laura's face with inconceivable tenderness of expression; but suddenly correcting himself, his features resumed their usual placid tones, and an elegant bow expressed his obedience: but our herione's astonishment was excessive, to find the words of the song supplied by the following impromptu.

The eyes I mark, with truth impart,
Each chaste emotion of the heart;
The conscious cheeks I mark, disclose,
A feeling soul——and not the rose!
The bosom where these virtues reign,
Inflicts the wound, but spares the pain.

These words were adapted by Dormer, with such touching expression, that Laura felt her bosom beat with uncommon agitation: as he closed—an unconscious blush heightened the delicate bloom upon her cheek—she was confused, she knew not why—but when she would have complimented Dormer on his performance, she found it impossible, and was silent.

At this moment, Emily came tripping into the room, and her vivacity relieved her cousin's extraordinary embarrassment.

"I am so glad to see you," tapping his shoulder, "you have no idea—come, do "take up your base viol and help me with "this perplexing overture from *Haydn*— "it is a charming piece, but monstrously "hard."

With the skill of a master, he led through

all the difficult passages—complained of his own stupidity, when Emily once or twice played a false note, and gracefully recalling her attention to the mistaken bar, made her in love with *her* perfect execution.

Laura, who was not unobservant of this delicate refinement of good breeding, applauded the act with an involuntary sigh.

An indispensable engagement, on the part of the ladies, interrupted this amusement, and Mr. Dormer took leave, promising to return to their evening party.

" Heigho," cried Emily, " I could " really, almost find it in my heart to be " in love with that charming fellow.— " *Qu'en pensez vous, ma chere Cousine?*— " Is he not a dear devil ?"

" Indeed, my love," replied Laura, " I
" should be very insensible not to admit
" merits so universally and deservedly ac-
" knowledged; and this, I presume I
" may do, without any of your raptures."

" Perhaps so—and yet I have heard
" that those who say least—*sometimes*—
" think most. Heyday—what a blush!
" —upon my word, Laura, I could *al-*
" *most* fancy you were over head and ears
" in love."

" How can you be so ridiculous, Emily;
" —would it not be very singular, if I,
" who have never been accustomed to
" fashionable levity, could bear to be so
" unmercifully rallied, without betraying
" *some* token of amazement?"

" Oh, you sentimental girls are all so
" sly—now I could flirt with this same

" Dormer a whole season, and afterwards
" discard him, with as little regret as an
" old glove. These sort of male wretches
" please, but do not touch me; whereas,
" I would wager my best card purse, and all
" its contents, if you and he were often
" tête à tête together, we should hear of
" your strolling every morning by the side
" of the river—sighing in concert with
" the soft murmurings of the stream—or,
" arm in arm rambling in the shady grove—
" which you would call elysium—carving
" each other's names upon the bark of every
" tree—vowing constancy and truth—de-
" precating fate—and swearing to live for
" each other, world without end. Amen!"

" If a rational woman," said Laura, gravely, " were to bestow her hand, sanc-
" tioned by her understanding, I do not
" know an object more worthy such dis-
" tinction than Mr. Dormer—but I

" should think the girl—who madly in-
" dulged a passion for him, in defiance of
" obstacles it became her duty to respect—
" altogether unworthy his affection.

" Prettily said—'pon honor—and if I
" can translate aright—Laura Manly,
" with the consent of papa and mamma,
" uncles and aunts, brother and cousins—
" not forgetting the long list of his Right
" Honorable connections—would feel no
" *violent* objection to become the Hon.
" Mrs. Dormer."

" I must leave you, Emily—your spirits
" are so much higher than mine, I am
" sure you find me dull company."

" Not for worlds, Laura!—I fear you
" are offended—excuse my unseasonable
" mirth—indeed I meant not, by *my*

" good humour to destroy *your's*—say you
" forgive me for this foolish badinage ?"

" Forgive you, my love ! most cheer-
" fully—but I thought your remarks
" sounded rather harshly."

The footman came to say their chairs were at the door, and Lady William waiting in the parlour. Upon which, the reconciled cousins went down, lovingly, together, and pursued the business of the day.

When Laura found herself alone in the chair, she began to ask questions of her heart, which rather alarmed her. She would have laughed away her fears ; but an emotion, of which she then knew not the name, increased her perturbation till it became excessive.

We are compelled to yield to that, which we cannot successfully oppose ; and Laura did so, in this instance, with the less reluctance, as she depended on the strength and rectitude of her own mind, to protect her against any evil that might seem to threaten her repose.

A few evenings after this, was distinguished by a grand masked ball, given in St. James' Square by a lady of rank, remarkable for the splendour of her entertainments. All the world was to be there, and many parties came expressly from town to join the motley throng.

But notwithstanding the eagerness of a fashionable mob after this favourite amusement, it certainly is not calculated to shew off our national genius to advantage.

There are many essentials to constitute a masquerade, beyond the glitter of those gems which grace the beauties of a Sultana, or the correct standard of dress, which may distinguish each particular character assumed.

It requires much good humour to foil impertinence—ready wit to attack others, and a prompt repartee to defend ourselves—a happy *melange* of satire and good nature—a nice delineation of character—with a vivacity, spirit, and volubility, not constitutionally the property of an Englishman.

The company began to assemble between 11 and 12, and soon after the rooms were crowded.—" What a squeeze !—how " do ?—long at Bath ?—dying with a " cold—what a sweet dress !—lost my " *cecis beo !*—made by Lancastre—how " divinely suffocating !—you look charm- " ingly—call to-morrow—oh ! my train !—

" seen the Althorpes ?—heard the news ?—
" look at that Sultana—fine jewels, no
" grace"— and similar elegant effusions
" buzzed around.

In the mean time it became almost impossible to move, when a temporary room, prepared in the garden for dancing, was thrown open, and gave the company space to breathe in.

A new Arcadia was now presented to view.—The walls were lined with dark green lattice work, entwined with a profusion of flowers in the richest bloom; while a variety of lilacs and luxuriant shrubs were fancifully dispersed about the room, in charming groupes.

The cieling was festooned with wreaths of artificial roses, supported by flying cupids; which, with the blaze of light issuing from

a profusion of cut-glass chandelers, gave an air of perfect enchantment to the scene.

To give brilliancy to the whole, no dominos were admitted; so that the *coup d'œil* was magnificent beyond description.

Here, strutted Falstaffs without wit—Conjurors without art—Princes without dignity—Harlequins without agility—Columbines without grace—Clowns without humour,—and a long et cætera of nonentities equally ridiculous

One group, however, should not pass unnoticed—It consisted of three beautiful females, most fancifully and characteristically clad as gipsies: they were accompanied by two men; the one, bearing the implements of cookery; the other, two poles and a basket with provisions.

Having erected their cross-sticks in a corner, and slung their kettle over an artificial blaze, they began the song of the "*gipsies fire*," which was given in a style of masterly correctness.—This was followed by others equally attractive, and the intervals filled up with fortune telling.

There were female Quakers bewitchingly lovely—and Nuns temptingly beautiful.—Of the latter class were Lady William, who appeared as the abbess of St. Clair, with Emily and Laura—noviciates of the order—unmasked.

Our Heroine was surprised at the familiarity with which masks addressed each other.—Presently a Squire Groom, placing himself immediately before them, so as to impede their progress, raised his glass carelessly to his eye, and having taken a

critical survey of Emily, burst into the following rhapsody.

" Famous filly, demme!—shews blood—
" handsome figure—fine forehead—stands
" well on her pasterns—good neck—like
" her head—wont go in a snaffle—wants
" the curb—glad to put her in training—
" had just such another last season—ran
" out of the course—knowing ones taken
" in—turned her out on the common,
" demme."

" Admirable mask!" exclaimed Emily archly, " that *groom-like gentleman* knows
" the extent of his talents, as critically as
" he knows the length of his spurs—and
" finds them equally ornamental—in *po-*
" *lished* society."

" Told you so—knew she was a tar-
" tar—off in a canter, demme!"

Scarcely had they escaped from the impertinence of this *well-bred Gentleman*, when they were assailed from another quarter.

Two young Coxcombs, habited as hussars, in superb hessian uniforms, made a full stop as our party was about to pass them; while one, staring most impudently in Laura's face, said in a loud whisper,

"There is flesh and blood in penitentials
"for you.—Oh, that I were a friar!—a
"lusty friar!—what charming confessions
"she would make."

"Don't you know them, Charles?" replied his companion; "the tallest girl is
"well enough—rather too much fire
"in her eyes, to be sure—she looks

" as if she would scratch before the honey-
" moon was over!"

" The little blue-eyed Nun for my
" money," answered the pert Mr. Charles.

" Poh," returned his friend, " she, is a
" beggar in disguise."

" Prithee, doff thy lion's skins, good
" Messieurs Asses," retorted Emily, gaily;
" thy braying hath betrayed thee!"

" I am certain," said Laura, roused beyond her custom,—" the *pretty creatures*
" would be more useful to a Sandman than
" a General."

" Right," vociferated Squire Groom—
" crop their ears—tails are ready docked—
" do for a watering place, demme."

" Verily, my friends," quoth Obadiah

Prim, "there is a proverb which saith, "use every man after his desert, and who "shall escape whipping?"

The embroidered heroes, no longer able to stand the brunt, lounged off, drawling one leg after the other, the ridicule of the surrounding circle.

The ladies, fatigued with the pressure of the crowd, and wishing to withdraw from further insult, retreated to a sofa; but they had scarcely taken their seats, when an elegant figure, in the habit of a Spanish peasant, approached with his guitar, and throwing himself at Laura's feet, after a skilful symphony, sang several tender canzonets accompanied by his instrument.

This charming serenade drew numbers about them; and perceiving they became

objects of particular observation, they rose to be gone; but the mask followed, repeating, in recitative,

" Thus Daphne, from Apollo's fond pursuit,
" With eager footsteps cleft the yielding air;
" The hapless lover press'd his love-strung lute,
" And magic strains impede the list'ning fair."

" Bravo—bravo—bravo!"—exclaimed an hundred voices. At that moment the peasant vanished through the croud, and was heard no more.

Although these airs were sung in a *falzetto*, the sounds penetrated into the heart of Laura, who soon recognised the disguised minstrel—she now felt herself quite ill—but Dormer's well-timed retreat assisted to compose her;—the evening, however, had no longer any charms.

It was day-light when the ladies reached home, and as they had an engagement at two—a short distance from town—they consented to take strong coffee, and dress for the morning, without going to bed.

The residence of Lady William, was in the Upper Crescent, which is built with a terrace projecting to the lofty cliff, that overtops the Lower Crescent, and is undefended by any railing; though danger is some distance removed from the houses.

Their carriage was at the door, and Mr. Dormer, who had called, *en passant*, to enquire how they were after their raking, was preparing to hand them in—he had given his arm to Laura; but before she could gain her seat, a band of itinerant Savoyards suddenly struck up their medley.

The blood-horses, terrified at the noise

set off at full gallop, making towards the precipice.

Dormer, without one moment's pause, flew to their heads, and impeded their course, by seizing on the bridle, although he was unable, effectually, to arrest it.

Laura, happily, retained her presence of mind, and finding the door unlocked, and the step down, made a spring from the carriage, and escaped unhurt.

Dormer now felt himself dragged forward by the impetuosity of these high-mettled steeds, and perceiving Laura safe, released his hold—he could not, however, sustain the powerful shock;—but falling, the near wheel of the carriage passed over his body.

The ladies shrieked, and Laura fainted

away; while the horses madly pursued their own destruction: and the coachman had just time to leap from his box, before the carriage was hurled down the steep, and the horses killed on the spot.

As Laura revived, her eyes ran wildly around the room—at length, recollecting the danger in which she had seen her preserver, she eagerly enquired as to the result.

Her evident perturbation, was ascribed, naturally enough, to terror; and Emily took pains to calm her apprehensions, assuring her Mr. Dorner was very slightly hurt—that a vein had been opened—and he had sustained no other injury, than a slight contusion on his shoulder—"and "that you know, Laura," she added archly, "is nothing in the school of Quixot-"ism."

Our heroine appeared satisfied; but complained of being weak and agitated—she requested to retire, when she was left to very painful reflection, and found herself compelled to confess, mentally, that *gratitude* had made strange havoc in her bosom.—She felt her heart was no longer in her power; but her secret was; and judging flight to be the most prudent, if not the most agreeable, line of conduct to be pursued, resolved to write to her father and mother next day, requesting she might return home.

Having made this arrangement, she found her bosom more at ease, and sleep soon after closed her eyelids, lulling her new-born cares into a temporary oblivion.

In the evening she awoke, much better; but declined leaving her chamber; and having arisen next morning, sometime be-

fore the family, she took out her writing desk, and completed the determination of the preceding day.

It was not, however, without some reluctance that she reflected upon the voluntary punishment she was about to inflict upon herself—the heart naturally recoils at the word "farewell" and her whole soul being tenderly attuned by the painful subject, her throbbing bosom dictated, while she penned, the following lines.

Those only who have fondly lov'd can tell
The pain—the anguish—of the word FAREWELL.
The subtile magic of that simple sound
Touches the heart—and leaves a rankling wound.
Oh, Sensibility! thou gentle pow'r!
Whom all obey; and yet whom all adore:
Say, by what unseen tye, what force, what art,
At will, you move and overwhelm the heart?
Each finer sense that warms the lib'ral soul,
Feels thy soft power—nor can that power controul.
The tear that glistens in the maiden's eye,
The unfeigned sorrow, and the untaught sigh,

These all confess thy power—these speak thy reign,
A silent anguish—tho' a soothing pain.

Ye frigid sons of apathy—far hence!
Who, dead to this, are dead to ev'ry sense;
Who vaunt, unmanly, that the voice of love,
Or call of pity could your hearts ne'er move;
Who dare deride the hapless mourner's woe,
And scoff at what your own breasts never know;
Ye never felt the luxury so dear,
That mingles sigh with sigh, and tear with tear,
The soothing pleasure that it is to blend,
And make your own—the sorrows of a friend.

At breakfast, Laura begged her aunt would send to enquire after Mr. Dormer's health.—The footman returned to say, that he was confined to his bed by a slight fever.

Laura paled at this news—the cup almost fell from her trembling hand—she found herself quite ill—and all her philosophy was scarcely sufficient to enable her to keep her seat.

Our Heroine again sought the solitude of her chamber: and reclining her pensive head upon her lovely arm—sat—the emblem of mute, but expressive, melancholy, pondering on the woes of life.

The doors of lady William's house had been closed, since the accident, against every body; but the enquiries after the family were innumerable.

The evening was passed by Emily and her cousin, tête à tête; and the former, almost assured in her own mind, that the picture she had drawn in the gaiety of her heart, was, *now*, too fatally realized, began to fancy she already perceived the canker worm of despondency blighting, with its baneful influence, the roses on her cousin's cheeks: she gave a heartfelt sigh to her sorrows—and wished, without alarming Laura's fears, to take a nearer peep into

the actual state of her heart—with this view—which had a better motive than curiosity for its source, she said,

" I have been considering, my dear " Laura, so tenderly alive as you are to all " the keenest sensibilities of the heart, " how you would have supported the reflec- " tion, had any accident, more fatal, been " the consequence of Dormer's gallantry."

" I feel, as it is," replied our heroine, "but " too much concern for the part that gen- " erous youth has taken.—Alas! my Emily, " but for him, your poor Laura's mangled " corse would now have claimed a lodging " in your house.—How is it possible to " dwell on what I owe that amiable young " man, and not freely offer him all the grati- " tude of which my nature is susceptible?"

" Certainly, my love, it is merely justice;

" —but the effusions of sensibility are so " little regulated by reason, that I fear " its votaries can never glide smoothly " through the voyage of life.—Like a " light bark, bounding over the expanded " ocean, it is impressed by every gentle " gale that swells its trembling bosom.— " Its unresisting course veers with the " varying winds—a stranger to the haven " of a calm repose."

" Indeed, my Emily, it is a sweet, but " dangerous possession; and yet to its " influence, alone, are all the joys of life " attributable !"

" I thank God, however," answered Emily, " that I have always had the fa- " culty of laughing and crying at the same " moment; and yet my heart is no stranger " to the voice of humanity; although it does " not manifest its feelings with vehemence,

" or drink too deep of anguish; with you,
" my Laura, it is different; and I am
" persuaded your *first sigh*, will mark the
" remainder of your life.

" I am too giddy to be seriously in
" love.---I have not sense enough ever to
" partake the refinements of that sublime
" passion; and my want of reason, in this
" particular, will save me from many an
" heart ache."

" But my dear Emily, are we to quarrel
" with Sensibility, because it exposes us
" to trials? Why are we gifted with intel-
" lectual powers? To what end do we
" refine such powers by education, if not
" to regulate our passions? There is no
" evil so poignant, as to be superior to the
" controul of reason; and love, said to be
" the most imperious of our passions,
" *may* be preserved within bounds by

" discretion, however violent its improper
" bias."

" We are young philosophers, Laura,
" and I hope neither is in *immediate* dan-
" ger of those trials, which we have just
" described."

The concluding sentence flushed the cheek of Laura with an ingenuous blush—her bosom undulated the envious 'kerchief which concealed its charms—and Emily no longer doubted.

The conversation now took a livelier turn; and Emily resolved to preserve the secret thus unconsciously betrayed—and ever to be silent on the subject, till her cousin chose to trust her with it; deeming it an unpardonable breach of faith to reveal the secret of a friend, under any circumstances.

As to poor Laura, the peaceful serenity of her bosom was flown for ever.—What a situation! to love! uncertain, even, if her passion was returned—and yet there were tell-tales which, at times, stole from the eyes of Dormer, and seemed to confirm a mutual passion.

To admire his person—to applaud his accomplishments—to venerate his worth—were duties imposed by gratitude; and she felt that the heart which would have ceased to beat without his interposition, must, henceforth, beat for him alone.—She began to tremble for his safety; till fancy drew so affecting a possibility of what might happen, that she gasped for breath.

Emily, extremely affected, took infinite pains to compose her cousin, and so far succeeded, that, at supper, Laura forced

a sort of cheerful smile upon her cheek, to hide the inward workings of her soul.

A few days after, brought two letters to Lady William; we insert them.

Arlington-street.

While the horses are putting to, I sit down, in violent agitation, to inform you that a cursed run of bad luck has involved me in such pecuniary difficulties, that I have nothing left but a disgraceful flight.

My father is inexorable—I find it impossible to borrow another shilling on my estates.—On the contrary, I am threatened with a foreclosure of the mortgages already granted; and then we are reduced to beggary.

I would have maintained my ground still, if I had merely to contend with the duns

of insolent shop-keepers, whose clamours were in truth bad enough—but I have contracted DEBTS OF HONOUR to a large amount, and those, you know, cannot be put off.

All retrospect is now useless—had you acted otherwise, I might have done so too—but the folly of one, has been echoed by the other; and never having been taught the charms of domestic society, I have flown abroad after dissipation, while you encouraged the expensive indulgence at home. Thus have we, mutually, contributed to our own ruin.

If ever we meet again, I hope it will be to find more happiness in each other.—If not—God bless you!

My poor Emily------

At her name, my brain maddens.—She will live to curse the author of her Being----.

Racks—flames—consume me!

W. B.

Edgware-road.

My dear Lady William,

Peace, the result of fortitude and reflection, is once more become the cheerful inmate of my bosom: your sister and myself having quite forgotten our former affluence, and being animated by a mutual anxiety to make each other happy, cannot fail to be so in all situations.

We have taken a small place, in a cheap part of Devonshire, called Rosemary Farm; it merely consists of a snug cottage, and a few acres to graze a couple of cows. Laura will be our dairy maid, and feed the poultry; her mother and Martha will mind

the house, while I cultivate the garden, or join in the labours of the field.

Thus you see, my dear sister, with how little our actual wants are supplied; and that little often introduces content—which joys more to cheer the virtuous cottager, than to seek an asylum within the splendid circles of a court.

In a few days, we shall have concluded all our arrangements, and will take Laura with us in our road through Bath.

Indeed, had I less reliance on the exemplary prudence of my child, so much beyond her years, I should have deemed it improper to expose her to the gaieties she has so largely partaken with you, immediately prior to the sudden change that will take place in her pursuits; but I can depend on her cheerful acquiescence to any privation virtue may make necessary.

Your sister and myself will have the happiness to embrace you soon.—Give our love to both our dear girls, and believe me invariably,

Your affectionate Brother,

ROBERT MANLY.

A letter from Mrs. Manly to Laura, came by the same post. Poor girl! she *wished* to be happy in the prospects before her—a month ago she was so.—But love—almighty love!—now triumphed in her bosom, and checked every other sensation.

We leave Lady William immersed in wretchedness—Laura to the secretly-consuming grief attendant on an hopeless passion.—And Emily to the tender offices of consolation.

Mr. Manly, shortly after we left him,

put his project in train: and having vested his little fortune with a merchant in the city, high in credit, and leased the farm already mentioned, the furniture of which was to be taken at an appraisement, was on the eve of his departure from London, when Laura's letter arrived.

In the disposition made by Mr. Manly, of his little fortune, he, very benevolently, set apart a ten pound note, which he sent under a blank cover to the misanthrope in the Fleet. These gentlemen had passed an evening together, and a congeniality of sentiment attached them more in a few hours, than a life of ceremonious intimacy would have done.

His last step was to write to Edward, whose regiment was now ordered to India, he had private motives for concealing, from him, the reverse of fortune they

had suffered, and therefore desired he would address, in future, to the care of Mr. Traffic, merchant, Broad Street, London.

At length, they left town, and arrived next morning at Bath.

Lady William had been confined to her room, from the moment she received Lord William's letter: a dreadful ruin stared her in the face; and she was unequal to the shock.

Her eyes, indeed, opened, for the first time, to the impropriety of her past conduct: her ambitious views had been very properly punished, by the recovery of her husband's elder brother, contrary to the opinion of all the faculty: and poverty was the scourge, now, preparing for her unlimitted vanity.

Her mind was too imbecil to meet the phantoms which assailed her; she was deaf to all consolation; resisting the amiable and united efforts of Emily and Laura, to inspire her with resignation.

On the arrival of her brother and sister, however, she became more reasonable: and, at length, urged by his affectionate persuasions, and confiding in his advice: she consented, for the present, to leave Bath, and retire to the family seat near Ashford, in Kent.

This plan being settled, Mr. Manly turned his thoughts to his own departure; and Laura, now, with timid accents, and downcast eyes, related the adventure of the horses, not forgetting the consequences to Mr. Dormer.

Mr. Manly immediately arose, and hav-

ing obtained that gentleman's address, said he would hasten to thank the preserver of his child—" A man, such as you have " described, my love, will not disdain " the heartfelt offering of gratitude, al- " though presented by a farmer in his " plain drab coat."

The ladies all bore testimony to Mr. Dormer's worth.

When Mr. Manly reached the lodgings, he was informed Mr. Dormer was too ill to see company; but on sending in his name, he was immediately requested to walk up stairs.

Mr. Dormer sat, or rather reclined, in an easy chair—pale, yet not very low. A violent contusion, attended with fever, were symptoms more of oppression than of danger.

He would have risen to receive Mr. Manly, but the latter putting out his hand, positively forbade the ceremony.

Having taken his seat, Mr. Manly, in appropriate terms, expressed his thanks for the vast obligation he was under to him—assured him, that his child was the treasure he most valued—the charm that connected him with life—that he could not have survived her premature death.

Mr. Dormer, in reply, made light of the assistance it had been his peculiar good fortune to afford Miss Manly—laughed at the scratch he had received; and nobly concluded, by saying "A man's powers are "only given to him, in trust, for the "protection of the weak and defenceless "state of woman, and I would, willingly, "lose the last drop of my blood, in sup-"port of the sex."

Mr. Manly leaving his card, and begging to be made acquainted with Mr. Dormer's recovery, came away charmed with his young friend.

The morning after the next was appointed for the departure of the two families, whose routes were diametrically opposite. Emily and Laura were much affected at their separation; but promised to keep up a regular correspondence.

On the last night, as Laura was placing her taper on the dressing-table, she perceived a small elegant billet; which, on taking up, she found to be richly embossed, and addressed to herself.

She instantly broke the seal; but with her thumb still on the impression, she started—and would have given the world to make it whole again. It was true, she

might still decline reading it; but how would it be possible to convince the author that she had done so.—Oh! she would depend on her own innocence—then, something like curiosity, or a motive still more powerful, whispered, the thing was done, and there could not be any harm in reading it—she hesitated,—blushed,—trembled,—looked at it—the address was written in a beautifully small Italian character.

" Dear me," said Laura, laughing at this discovery—" how ridiculous thus to " torment myself—it is an adieu from " some female friend, which the maid has " left here for me"— and with this sanction, she hastily unfolded the letter, which contained these words:

" If ever I had occasion to complain of fate, divine Laura, this is the moment!—do not fancy I am confined by a mere ex

terior bruise—my wound is deeper—it bleeds within my heart—you leave me—and I am in despair."

" I do not know if I ought to wish you to prolong a life that will *now* be hateful to me — yes !— by one adieu — one little word—to sooth my agonies in this world, and cheer me onwards to the world to come.

" Guardian angels bless and protect you!"

" AUGUSTUS."

The emotion of Laura, on the perusal of these lines, was extreme ; she dwelt on every word, nay, every individual letter: then chiding the folly, began to argue with her self on her unguarded conduct.

" She would show the letter to her " mother in the morning."

It was boldly said; but the resolution failed almost as soon as made—her bosom was all in a glow—her heart fluttered violently—she was obliged to seek the support of a chair.

She remained some time motionless—meditating on the letter, still open in her hand; then rising, exclaimed mentally,

"Ungrateful Laura! is it thus you would repay him for your life?—have you a right to doubt his motives?—alas, is he not ill; surprised into this imprudence by the suddenness of your departure; ill too, in your service—dying, perhaps, for having saved you? he asks one ray of consolation; is it too much for him?—oh, no—but prudence, female delicacy—do they not oppose your pity? yes—certainly—that is, in *ordinary* cases, but this is not of that number—I must write."

After many efforts, either too warm or too cold; she, at length, hit upon a happy medium.

" Under *any other* circumstances, I would not have permitted myself to read a letter clandestinely conveyed to me; nor is it generous, in you, Sir, to *claim* more from me, than the esteem I freely offer you. This is the *first*, and must be the *last*, act of my duplicity: remorse will not fail to upbraid me severely; but gratitude, towards you, inclines me to inflict that punishment. Adieu.

" L."

Laura, only *half* satisfied with herself, retired to bed; but instead of going to sleep, took a retrospective view of the last few months; from Laura, the heiress of a princely fortune; to Laura, (as the unfeeling mask described her) the beggar! the pang

of this worldly change, as it affected the luxuries of life, flitted past; but the more serious change that had taken place in her late tranquil bosom, clung with agony about her heart; and she passed a night of unceasing inquietude.

In the morning, however, she arose with apparent cheerfulness, and having sent her note by a chairman, joined the breakfast table.

After a melancholy farewell, the Manly's set out, in a post-chaise, for Rosemary Farm, and Lady William and Emily took their departure for town.

On their arrival in Arlington-street, her ladyship found all the servants had been dismissed, excepting the porter and one housemaid: the plate and other valuables were removed to their bankers, and Lord William, as she soon learnt, had drawn upon

that security for his expenses abroad. In a word—the plate was pawned.

Lady William could not bear to contemplate the desolation before her—she shuddered at the thoughts of burying herself in the country; and to remain in town, the scorn and pity of her friends, was equally intolerable.

She resolved to pay the marquis a visit.

At first, the noble peer refused her the least assistance; he spoke in terms of bitterness and reprehension of her conduct, as well as his son's; declaring it to be his earnest wish, never to see *the fellow* again. In consideration, however, of her ladyship's destitute situation, he presented her with a check for £500; which he promised to repeat, annually, if she would go abroad, and live prudently.

Lady William, softened into tears by this unexpected turn of good fortune, avowed, with penitence, a detestation of her former life—assured his lordship of her reformation—was all gratitude for his goodness—and prayed him earnestly to forgive her—and protect her child.

The marquis won by this shew of penitence, embraced his daughter-in-law, and desired she would remove with Emily, to his house, till her departure.

On reaching home, the Manlys were much pleased with their farm. A very snug cottage, consisting of two small sitting-rooms, four bed chambers, kitchen, wash-house, brew-house, &c. a neat garden, with a small green-house; and, at the back of the building, a farm-yard, with a four-stall stable, a cart-shed, piggery, and poultry-yard. The dairy was detached; and

being more immediately the property of Laura, it soon became the prettiest thing possible.

This amiable family, as if by enchantment, assumed the different characters they were to play, and every thing seemed to prosper with them.

About two miles and a half from the farm, lived the curate and his family, on a sloping eminence, leading to the village church. A worthy man, whose sole support was £60 per annum; with a wife and seven children.

He came, as usual, to pay a visit to his new parishioners, which they promised to return the Sunday following.

The curate led his guests, with all his little family at their heels, over his ground;

Spring was advancing—and every thing wore an air of neatness and order.

" What a sweet bower, this must be in " Summer," said Laura, turning into another walk.

" That," replied the curate with a sigh, " is Patty's bower: it is almost venerated " in my family: she was a lovely maid, and " deserved a happier lot !"

" Does any circumstance of particular " woe attach to her history ?" said Mr. Manly.

" You shall judge," replied the curate, " pray sit down in the bower, while I relate " her story."

" It is now almost five years since my " predecessor died; I then served a neigh-

" bouring parish—I knew him well—he
" was an honour to humanity!"

" Patty was his only child—if any thing
" stepped in between his soul and hea-
" ven—it was his daughter—he almost
" loved her to idolatry; but every body
" loved her—so gentle—so unassuming—
" yet so pretty—methinks I now see her
" shade before me!"

" Her education was much above that
" of her companions; for her father was
" a fine scholar, and spared no pains to
" improve her understanding; yet she
" was free, affable, and obliging with all
" the village.

" But perfect joys belong not to mor-
" tality!

" The Squire's son came home from

" College—had he been as good as he was
" handsome—nobody could have com-
" plained.

" It was May day and all the villagers
" were assembled on yonder plot, at the
" bottom of the hill; dancing merrily to
" the pipe and tabor.

" The young Squire chancing to pass,
" and hearing music, rode up to join the
" joyous throng. He soon distinguished
" Patty; who rose above her companions
" in dignity and grace, as the stately pine
" towers over the forest shrubs.

" He asked her hand to dance—Patty
" blushed, and gave it.—Every body was
" pleased with the ease and elegance of her
" performance—her pretty feet beat as
" pat to the music as possible—they
" would have been a noble pair!

" Patty and the young Squire danced
" together all the evening—he was often
" afterwards at the parsonage with his sis-
" ter, and his modest carriage interested
" my unhappy friend in his behalf.—He
" became a favourite with the father—with
" the daughter—he was more.

" Suddenly he disappeared altogether;
" and, as we afterwards heard, was sent
" abroad by his father.

" From that moment, poor Patty
" drooped—her father's tenderest care
" could not chase sorrow from her brow
" —she sighed in secret—courted solitude
" —and soon became the shade of the
" pretty Patty.

" At length the funeral knell tolled from
" the village church.

" Alas! sweet Patty!

" I visited my friend on the melancholy
" occasion, whom I found sitting by the
" side of the coffin—not moaning or be-
" wailing her fate; but with a vacant—in-
" sensible—regard, to any thing around him.

" As I approached, he pointed with his
" fore-finger to the coffin—resumed his
" situation—and continued silent.

" ' It was the will of heaven, my dear
" ' friend,' said I.—' Our duty is to obey.'

" He arose—placed his hand upon my
" lips for a moment, and hurried out of
" the room.

" I saw him no more till the funeral,
" which I had previously requested to per-
" form; but no—he would officiate himself.

" Such, my good sir, is the mutability

" of human joys! This spot, so lately the
" abode of Innocence and Mirth, was
" now become the seat of sorrow, soli-
" tude, and death.

" The village maidens all assembled
" on the green, dressed in their holiday
" clothes.—The youths the same—they
" stood in separate groups.

" Not a whisper could be heard—tears
" rolled down their honest cheeks—
" while pity and regret occupied every
" feature.—It was a scene to have moved
" a Stoic!

" As I approached, the villagers filed off
" on either side, making a line, through
" which I passed.—I did not speak a word
" —I could not— I looked upon the
" ground—they wept aloud.

" But this was nothing to what followed.

" Entering the parlour, I beheld the
" coffin, placed in the middle of the room
" —the lid was off—my friend in his robes
" knelt beside it—he held the pale ina-
" nimate hand of Patty closed in his, while
" his streaming eyes were fixed, intently,
" on her clay-cold corpse.

" The pious mourner was advanced in
" life; a few white locks scattered around
" his temple, and gave new interest to the
" languor of his emaciated countenance.

" My whole soul was filled with reve-
" rence and awe—I mingled tears with
" his—but he did not notice me.

" I made no attempt to interrupt his
" sorrows—I could only venerate them.

" At length arising, he exclaimed—
" ' Farewell, my Patty! — thou solace of
" ' mine age, farewell!

" ' But we shall meet in heaven,' he
" added—' let the ceremony proceed.'

" As the undertaker was about to screw
" the coffin down, I advanced to take my
" leave of the late blooming maid.

" My friend perceived me, and em-
" braced me.

" I knelt in my turn, kissed the languid
" hand of the lifeless Patty—a sweet serenity
" still marked her countenance—a compo-
" sure resembling a deep sleep.

" My feelings now became oppressive—I
" sobbed violently; when my friend seized
" me by the arm, and hurried me into the
" adjoining room.

" ' Be firm,' said he, ' nor let the mur-
" ' murings of discontent invade the sacred
" ' rite to be performed.'

" He then left me, and preceded the
" coffin to the green, where I—more com-
" posed—rejoined him.

" The coffin was black, covered with a
" white satin pall: it was borne by six dam-
" sels, dressed in white: as the procession
" advanced, the maidens, joining two and
" two, followed—the young men did the
" same."

" Entering the church-yard, the lulled
" winds appeared to sigh, as they passed
" through the aged yews that stand be-
" fore the porch; and nature wore a gloom
" adapted to the occasion.

" During the ceremony, a calm and
" pious resignation was apparent in the
" features of my friend. As he pursued
" the solemn service, enthusiasm beamed
" from his renovated eyes—the tenderness
" of the parent, would, however, at times,

" interrupt his voice; but the duties of his
" sacred order—calmed the feelings of na-
" ture.

" At this impressive moment, the doors
" of the church were suddenly burst open;
" and a youth rushed madly up the aisle,
" dragging an elderly person after him.

" It was the Squire and his son!

" ' Stand off, ye inhuman monsters the
" youth vehemently exclaimed, ' give me
" ' back my love—my gentle Patty—the
" ' only partner of my heart—his voice gra-
" ' dually softened.

" ' Oh, she is dead—cold—insensible to
" ' all my grief.

" Here he sank upon the coffin, in
" speechless agony.

" Half rising—after a solemn pause—
" and rolling his frantic eyes around him, he
" exclaimed, ' but she is murdered!'—
" then starting up, he forced his father to
" approach the coffin.

' See here, wretched old man! behold
' thy work! see where she bleeds, beneath
' thy ruthless arm!—Oh, my deserted love
' we will still be united—never—never
' more to part.'

" All this time the father continued
" bent over the coffin—wringing his hands
" and uttering piercing groans.

" Another silence of some moments en-
" sued, when the old gentleman, collecting
" his scattered senses, feebly repeated,

" ' Oh, my son! curse not thy unhappy
" ' father!'

" 'Enough,'—replied the youth, and
" vanished from the church.

" The Squire was now conducted into
" the air, and my friend, who had been
" silent during the scene, concluded the
" last sad offices to his darling child, and
" we left the grave.

" It afterwards appeared, that Henry,
" the young squire, had been privately
" married to Patty; and his sister, who
" loved her very sincerely, was, alone, privy
" to the ceremony. That he had been de-
" coyed abroad by his father, and detained
" there, under pain of being disinherited,
" at the instigation of some meddling fool,
" who told him of his son's attachment,
" and warned him of the consequences.

" Henry's sister did all in her power to
" console Patty; but grief consumed her

" delicate frame, and the young lady trem-
" bling for her situation, wrote to apprize
" her brother of it, and to hasten his
" return, if he wished to save his unborn
" infant and its care-worn mother.

" In the mean time, extreme debility
" produced a miscarriage, which terminated
" in Patty's death.

" Henry arrived just in time to hear his
" beloved wife was to be buried that day—
" upon which—frantic with despair—he in-
" sisted on his father's company to the
" church.

" Since that day, Henry has never been
" heard of—he has left his father the
" prey of remorse, as fruitless, as it is
" agonising.

" As to my friend; affliction soon

" bowed down his reverend head to the
" peaceful grave; I succeeded him, and
" this woodbine, which was the work of
" Patty's hands, is carefully preserved by
" me, and hallowed by my parishioners,
" who regularly pay it a visit of ceremony
" every May-day."

This affecting tale interested every body, but more particularly Laura, who drew a severe admonition from it, on the fatal effects attendant on a blind indulgence of our passions; a crime usually heightened by disobedience, and a train of progressive evils, which must, eventually, meet their merited punishment—it was a lesson that came immediately home to her feelings, and she treasured it up in her heart's core.

The Manly family had now been near three months at the farm, happy in them-

selves, and prosperous in every thing around them—all, save our luckless heroine, who "pined in thought;" in vain she appealed to reason—reason applauded her choice: What, alas! could Laura do?

Oftentimes, she was upon the point of making a confession to her mother; but foreseeing that such a confidence would only serve to disturb her borrowed repose, Laura thought she might better fulfil her duty by silence, and leave to all-healing time, the restoration of her peace.

With this determination, she did her utmost to appear cheerful before her parents—attended to her allotted labours with assiduity; while her bosom fondly nourished the fatal remembrance of the too-accomplished Augustus.

She had etched his portrait from memory—faithful guardian of every dangerous

feature!—and with it, she would frequently converse, when otherwise alone.

It happened that she was so engaged one day, as she sat brooding over her sorrows on the border of a stream which turned the neighbouring mill— footsteps interrupted her reverie, and turning, she beheld a peasant, in his coarse white frock, walking pensively along the bank.

With an awkward bow, he saluted Laura, who, looking up as he pulled off his hat, beheld——Augustus!

Rising to be gone; Laura, in her haste and fright, stumbled against a tuft of grass, and fell to the ground. On her recovery, she found Augustus kneeling by her side; his arm supporting her.

"Mr. Dormer," exclaimed our heroine,

angrily, " Is it you, by whom I am thus " freely treated ?—unhand me, Sir !—Mr. " Dormer—I insist-------"

" The lovely Laura never can command " in vain : but why this anger beaming " from her beauteous eyes ?—Is it a crime " to love in secret—to verge upon de- " spair ; yet never disturb your lovely bo- " som with a single sigh ?"

" This disguise, Mr. Dormer, is equally " degrading to your character and mine. " My father will always gladly receive the " preserver of his child.—It teaches me, " however, how highly you value my es- " teem ; and it is a hint I shall not fail to " profit by—my father must know of this " interview."

" Hear me Laura ; then, act as you " think fit."

" You take a cruel advantage, Sir, of
" the debt I owe you; but as I would
" willingly think more favourably of you,
" than I am authorized by this deception—
" I am ready to attend."

" On my recovery at Bath; which was
" tedious in the extreme; the workings
" of an agonized mind opposing the re-es-
" tablishment of my health, I went to
" Buckinghamshire, and throwing myself at
" my uncle's feet, avowed my love for the
" most angelic of her sex, beseeching him
" to make me happy by his consent to our
" marriage.

" And pray Augustus," said he sternly,
" where is this angel?—who her family?—
" what her fortune?

" When I had replied to these various
" questions, he arose abruptly, and has-

" tening to the door, said, as he held the
" lock in his hand,

" Mark me, young gentleman! if I
" ever hear you name this romantic match
" again, or know that you ever visit this
" sentimental object of your visionary
" love, I will not only revoke my will;
" but the £800 a-year you now enjoy
" shall from that moment cease—you
" know my determination, Sir, act as you
" please."

" I wound your delicacy, my beloved
" Laura, by the repetition of this unfeeling
" speech; but it is necessary to my own
" justification.

" My brother has considerably outran
" his Income—and could afford me no
" material assistance; unhappily I was
" left dependant on this uncle, by my father,

" and have been brought up and educated
" as his heir.

" Thus, without a shilling—no pro-
" fession to resort to—how is it possible
" I could think of offering to entail pover-
" ty and disgrace on you, the object of
" my tenderest attachment. No!—Perish
" the selfish thought, and with it, every
" hope of joy, or happiness, to come.

" To ask you of your father—destitute
" and portionless as I should be—could
" answer no good end—nor indeed do I
" believe, he would, on any terms, sanction
" our union, in opposition to my uncle; I
" have therefore, striven to combat with
" my affections; but the bright flame burns
" fiercer in my heart, as I resist;—in
" short—it consumes me.

" Look on my features, Laura;—be-

" hold the langour on my cheek—read my
" despondency in every trembling nerve—
" then tell me, that you still condemn me."

Laura hesitated—was confused—but silent.

He proceeded—" Unable longer to sup-
" port the agonies of absence—resolved
" not to make you a partaker of my
" woes—I came down here, in disguise.
" Not, Laura, to steal upon your privacy
" —not to offend, by the declaration of an
" hopeless love—but, at an humble dis-
" tance, to behold your peerless charms—
" to contemplate the spot inhabited by
" you—and, then, to nourish, in solitude,
" the passion that hourly destroys me.

" Chance has, at length, effected what
" stratagem never presumed to attempt
" —I was blessed in seeing you; but your

" upbraiding frown has robbed the meet-
" ing of every consolation.

" Farewell, obdurate Laura! I shall *find*
" a way to evade your unmerited re-
" proof—all I ask, is—be just to the *me-*
" *mory* of Augustus."

He arose; but Laura, whose conflict-
ing emotions, had, for some time, nearly
overpowered her, now burst into tears,
exclaiming,

" Unfeeling Augustus, what would you
" have me do?"

" Merciful heaven," said Dormer, " what
" do I see?—tears!—delicious tokens!—
" ah, how the pearly drops have gemmed
" your beauteous cheek—drops, emanating
" from the rich mine of sensibility—and

" by me, more valued than all the baubles " of Potosi."

The weakness of our heroine thus betrayed, she became more in the power of her lover—the delicacy of his attention, was not, however, removed by this discovery: all that love could urge, or passion plead, assailed the trembling maid; who, overcome by the rapidity of her feelings, confessed a fond and mutual return: and, sealed the bond of everlasting truth, at parting, with a warm, but chaste, embrace.

Their meetings, now, were frequent: Laura feared no danger, confident in the integrity of her own unsullied mind, and secured from alarm, by the respectful, though vehement, passion of her lover.

At length, relying on the extent of his interest in Laura's heart; Dormer proposed a private marriage.

This effectually defeated his plans, and secured our heroine; who, indignant at the idea of an elopement, felt herself armed with all the native dignity of offended virtue, which triumphed over the meaner claims of love, and from that moment, she forbade Augustus her presence.

Nor tears—nor intreaty—nor the madness of despair—could shake the firmness of her purpose. He clung to her garments, as the shipwrecked mariner fastens on the projecting rock—but suspicions, injurious to her honour, once aroused in Laura's breast, she continued inflexible to her resolution.

We do not pretend to aver, that Laura yielded to the voice of discretion, without paying the repeated tribute of a heartfelt sigh to love forsaken; but we contend, that virtue, after many a struggle, van-

quished inclination; and though her bosom was not restored to its wonted peace—still it partook the quiet of a deceitful calm.

Shortly after this *brulee*, Laura received a packet from Paris; it was opened in full assembly, and these the contents.

PARIS.

My dearest Laura,

Do not huff your Emily for having been so long silent; you will perceive by the bulk of this packet, that I have not been unmindful of you. Simple letters breathe so much the air of form; whereas you, my love, should look into the very heart of Emily, and read her every thought: I have, therefore, kept a sort of journal, in imitation of the lively Anna Home, and the *divine* Clarissa Harlowe.

But where, you will ask, is the wit—the vivacity—the archness—which distinguish the correspondence of that fascinating writer—Ah, Laura, *ta pauvre cousine* may cudgel her brain a long time to find any of them—but in vain.

Mine is a budget—oh, that is parliamentary—not however, a budget, that, like Pandora's box, scatters a variety of plagues among mankind—but an *innocent* collection of scraps, all jumbled together in a higgledy-piggledy sort of way, without date or order; the which, like a balloon once exploded, loses all its virtues at a single glance.

There's metaphor, Laura! match it, if you can!—but I shall never begin.

Well then—let me see—oh, I must take leave of grand-papa—a dismal ceremony,

truly!—but enlivened, by a very apropos present of two hundred guineas, I gave a great gulp, and lo! my tears were dispersed.

To say the truth, it was a most cheering *evenement*— I do not know what I should have done without it: I came from Bath, wretchedly poor; and mamma is so stingy, I must have stood staring like a country bumpkin at all the pretty things in the Palais Royale, till my mouth watered; and then have slank away monstrously out of humour, without even so much as *touching* any of them: but now—*grace a dieu*—I can do like other people.

Oh, Laura, this same Palais Royale, is the most divine thing in nature: figure to yourself, an immense building in the shape of a parallellogram, inclosing a beautiful garden, tastefully laid out in gravel walks,

and abounding with orange-trees; which, when in bloom, give you an idea of a fairy land.

Walk under the piazzas at any hour of the day, and you cannot fail to be delighted; but at night, the brilliancy with which these arcades are illuminated—the splendor of the shops—the rival display of *bijouterie*—the crowd of beauty and fashion, moving in perpetual promenade—positively lead the senses astray. No age—no station—no temper—could leave it without wishing to return.

The sight is first caught, and your faculties follow in rapid succession. It would cetainly be an easy matter to pass one's whole life on this enchanted spot, without breathing a wish to pass beyond its boundaries—unless, *upon compulsion* — mark that!

The shops are of every description, to gratify taste, luxury, or dissipation; all uniting to rob the unwary idler of his money; yet delight him in his loss.

Here every stranger resorts *pour s'adoniser*, and you will not be surprised to find the tablets of a giddy girl, crowded with memorandums on the fashions of the day.

Ah ca, voyons!

Turbans — black, white, or crimson, form the head-dress, inclining with a graceful *penchant* to the left—these are ornamented with brilliants, pearls, or cameos, according to the fashion of the wearer: a long lock of hair steals from the temples, and sports, roguishly, adown the cheeks.

The robe is Grecian—shoes, gloves, and evantaille, or parasol, *en suit*, of light blue

or coquelicot—shawls of immense dimensions, and of the finest India muslin, with very deep gold fringe, are quite the *rage*.

When mamma and myself were *humanised*, we went to the *Opera-buffa*. The first consul, his lady, and Madame Louis Bonaparte, late Mad^lle^ Beauharnois, honoured the entertainment with their presence.

The back of their box was crowded with general officers, in rich uniforms, who stood up the whole evening.

The entree of this *august* party, was announced by loud and reiterated plaudits from the *parterre* —the boxes were nearly empty.

Of the performance, I can say little—*Strina Sacchi* executed some passages with taste; but her accent is not pure. *Razze-*

rini still evinces taste; his voice, however, is quite gone. It is the same with *Raffanelli*, who is otherwise a very good actor.

There are no less than fifteen theatres open every evening at Paris, and all fill—on Sundays, and the last day of the decade, by holiday folks; at other times by, *des gens bien comme il faut.*

The Carnival, which had been in a great measure discontinued by the timidity of the Directory, who are said to have trembled at every assemblage of the people, is now revived in all its pristine splendour, by his Consular Majesty, who is a great promoter of public festivities.

Early yesterday morning—*Dimanche*—every vehicle was in motion on the Boulevards; filled with masks of Turks, Tartars, Chinese, all elegantly, and characteristically, dressed.

From the humble Cabriolet, peeped out the head of a bear, a lion, an eagle or a monkey—and many of them so ably executed, that it required some nerve to bear their sudden appearance, without a scream.

The square of the Louvre—the garden of the Thuilleries—the bois de Boulogne—and every place of fashionable, or public resort, was filled with sportive and fantastic groupes, who had passed the day in one continued merriment. Nor does this scene of gaiety close with the parade of the day—*au contraire*—at eleven at night the *grand opera* opens a splendid saloon for the reception of the higher classes, and the dance is kept up till morning—admission six livres.

The Hameau de Chantilly receives a second class at 3 livres ; and to the lower

order, the Paphos, the Champs Elysees—and other places with these pretty sort of names—open at the reduced price of 20 sous.

Our next lounge was to the Thuilleries, so called from tiles having been, originally, made there. The facade of this building conveys a melancholy memento to the mind of the observer; as it bears many marks of the memorable 10*th* of August, 1792, when the brave Swiss guard were murdered there.

This palace is the residence of the three Consuls; the apartments have undergone little alteration; but the gardens are ornamented in a style to beggar all description. They have been lately embellished with statues, by eminent masters, exhibiting the purest specimens of ancient and modern sculpture.

We were present at a Military parade, held in the Court-yard of the palace, by the First Consul—a very splendid spectacle indeed!

This parade is repeated every decade, attended by the flower of the French commanders. You would be in love with these brave veterans, my Laura, whose undaunted brows bear honourable testimony of their past services.

Le Grand Guerrier rides a milk white charger, and is attended by a numerous staff, mounted on prancing steeds richly caparisoned: Their uniforms glitter in the sun from excessive richness of design: Caps, coats, belts, pantaloons, boots, and spurs, all, are superbly ornamented with wrought gold and silver.

The colours are conducted to the ground by the body-guard, accompanied by a small

band playing the Marsellois hymn, which elevates the mind to a degree of enthusiasm, that must be witnessed, to be felt.

Of an evening, these charming Gardens fill with good company; like our Green Park, on the close of a serene Summer's evening; and hither, strangers of all nations, flock.

Now for the Louvre:

The novelty of this place is Maria Cosway's visit to the picture gallery. She is reported to have nearly completed "The marriage of Canaan," from the original of Paul Veronese; and her friends speak in sanguine terms of the merit of her work.

Bonaparte subscribed, with his own hand, and complimented her highly on the specimen she exhibited of superior talent.

This famous gallery is said to have suffered considerably from the ignorance and impudence of the French artists, who have presumed to retouch the colouring of a Rubens, a Raphael, a Titian, a Corregio, or a Vandyke.

Pray compliment me on being so great a connoisseur in painting—not too hastily, either, Laura—I tell *you*, what others have told *me*: for, *malheureusement pour les etrangers*, the Louvre is shut up.

Au reste, the building is imperfect, like the other palaces; but the design magnificent.

I have been extremely disappointed in the Pont-neuf, of which every body has heard so much—it is a heavy mass—crowded with shops, on either side, and

distinguishable for nothing more, than an Equestrian Statue, in bronze, of HENRI IV.

How a Frenchman can pass it, and not cry, VIVE LE ROI, is, to me, a riddle I cannot solve.

" Coming mamma"— I am called, my dear, to go in a party to Versailles—*attendez*.

Here I am Laura, just come back— " In spirits I hope Emily ?"——" No " indeed, Laura, I am always blue deviled " when I come away from any of these residences of former monarchy. It is impossible not to give a sigh to the memory of the unhappy royal family who lately inhabited these palaces."

What a lesson on the instability of hu-

man grandeur!—You see, my love, I am quite become a moralist—I will rise, and chase away this vapour.

To return; we traversed the state rooms, the picture gallery, the library, the museum; the whole forming a splendid national collection.

From the *Cabinet de la famille Royale*, all but foreigners are excluded; and the policy is well founded: for a stranger, even, cannot look upon the portraits of the Royal family, unmoved;—There are, by the first masters, full lengths of Louis xiv Louis xv. Emperor Joseph, Maria Theresa, Madame Elizabeth, Louis xvi. in his coronation robes, and Marie Antoinette, with her three children. The late Dauphin, who died miserably in the Temple, (then duke of Normandy), lies in the arms of his mother, who gazes upon

him with eyes full of softness and maternal solicitude. On a cradle, by the queen's side, the dauphin is seen leaning, and endeavouring to amuse his infant brother —on the other side, in a most interesting attitude, the Princess Royal is described kneeling; she presses the hand of the Duke, while she looks up to her mother, with a countenance denoting excessive sweetness, vivacity, and filial affection, tempered by respect.

The rooms where the queen was married, and where she was delivered of her children, were likewise shewn to us.

My favourite ramble is the Bois de Boulogne: A public promenade, said, by foreigners, to resemble Kensington gardens. —dear Kensington gardens! where groupes of fashion, vie with each other, in beauty of person, and elegant simplicity of costume,

—how unlike thy fascinating variety to the sombre landscape of an almost deserted wood, where you meet, at best, with nothing but a *Bourgeois* in his great coat and half boots—sturdy beggars—or forsaken lovers.

Still it is my favourite walk, for I do not know how it is, but I really am no longer the mad-cap I used to be—I seek the shade of retirement: often alone; and sometimes accompanied by————'tis no matter whom.

I must not, however, forget to tell you an adventure we stumbled upon some mornings ago—lounging, as usual, beneath a double row of fine trees, which affords a most pleasing and romantic shade, I felt all the better emotions of my soul interested by the appearance of a poor old man, apparently in great distress—he leant

on the arm of a very charming young woman, whose affectionate attention gave me a most favourable impression of her character. His appearance was venerable and respectable—not devoid of certain infallible traits, which proved him to be the victim of misfortune, rather than that of guilt. I observed they made short turns, continuing to traverse the same small spot of ground, with a melancholy and desponding step.

I resolved to address them; and having done so with all possible delicacy, I told the old man, I feared he was distressed, and begged him to pardon me, as I placed two louis' in his hand: The good creature looked first at the money—then at me—and his countenance bore an expression of grateful thanks, more eloquent than the language of a Cicero.

We passed on—but on the following morning, being alone on the same ramble, I again saw them, and the old man quickening his step, hastened to meet me.

" Pardon, dear Lady," he exclaimed, " this rude intrusion: your goodness has " preserved my life, and that of my un- " happy child—we had not tasted food for " three days, we had neither means, nor " hopes, of procuring it, we sought a spot " to lay down and die; your unexpected " bounty has restored us."

" Oh, madame," said his weeping daughter, " 'tis I, who have brought " down misery on my poor father's head."

" Be hushed, my child—the motive " was virtuous and noble—heaven will en- " able us to bear the scourge with which " tyranny repays humanity: The Al-

" mighty, my Lucile, has already sent an " angel to our assistance, in this lovely " maiden."

" Let me tell the story, father."

" Do my child: no one can feel it bet- " ter."

" My father, madame, was an opulent " trades[illegible] of Lyons; but the intrigues " of revolutionary policy, deprived him " of his fortune; he was denounced, and " escaped the guillotine by miracle.

" After a variety of hardships, under " which my poor mother sank into the " peaceful grave, my father contrived to get " the appointment of sexton to a church, " in Brussels, whither we had both re- " treated after my mother's death.

" But what spot is sacred from the
" violation of ambition, or a thirst of sor-
" did gain? After the battle of *Fleuris*,
" the victorious French army marched into
" the city of Brussels, taking up their abode
" without ceremony or sanction, wherever
" their caprice carried them.

" An universal terror pervaded the
" whole town; my father was out, and I,
" fearful to remain alone at home, and
" equally fearful to venture abroad, seated
" myself at the door of our little cottage to
" observe what passed.

" I had not long been thus engaged,
" when I saw an elegant young man run-
" ning down the street, whose air bespoke
" terror and distraction.—Judging him to
" be an unfortunate refugee, dreading to
" encounter the French soldiery;—and,
" impelled to the act by motives I did

" not wait to analyze by prudence, I called
" to him, as he approached me—" Stay;
" you are lost if you go forward."

" And I am lost," he answered, " if I
" return."—" Then enter here," I hastily added, " and be saved."

" The terrified youth accepted my offer;
" I then told him who I was; that my
" father was absent;—who would not fail
" to censure so dangerous an act of hospitality;—but that I could conceal him
" in an out-house, where he would remain
" secure, till an opportunity offered for
" his escape.

" Towards dark, a party of French soldiery came to our Cottage to take up
" their abode for the night.

" Alarmed for the safety of the stranger,

" I anxiously awaited the moment they
" should lay themselves down to sleep,
" when I repaired to the out house, and
" telling my Protégée of the extreme,
" though unexpected, danger, which await-
" ed him, desired he would follow me.

" Passing through the house,— there
" being no other way to reach the street—
" in spite of all my caution, one of the
" soldiers was awakened, who, stretching
" out his hand, seized that of the refugee,
" crying out—' *Who goes there ?*'

" I dexterously threw myself between
" them, and replied, without hesitation, " it
" is only me, who am come for———there
" was no occasion to proceed—the soldier,
" deceived by a female voice, let go the
" hand he held, and turned himself,
" again, to sleep.

" I then entered my father's room, and
" taking down the keys of the Church,
" together with a candle and tinder-box,
" conducted the stranger thither, as the
" safest asylum I could procure him.—
" We entered the Chapel, which the ravages
" of war had despoiled of all its ancient
" ornaments; and having struck a light,
" I led my companion to the altar, behind
" which, was the entrance to a vault, so
" artfully concealed, as to elude all common
" observation.

" Our united efforts raised the door;
" then giving him the candle, I told him
" that the narrow stair-case led to the
" last abode of an illustrious family; that
" he must descend, and remain there,
" till I could, with safety, release him.

" He descended;—with my adieus, I
" repeated my solemn assurances to visit

" him again with all convenient speed, and
" the trap door being once more closed, I
" groped my way through the Church aisle,
" into the open air.

" It happened, that this unfortunate
" youth, (originally of that country)
" had scarcely mingled with the melan-
" choly sepulchres below, 'ere he discovered
" by the help of the candle he held, his
" family arms emblazoned on the several
" tombs.

" With awe and veneration he approach-
" ed the marble monuments of his an-
" cestors; he rested his head, with emotion,
" against the cold stone, and his heart
" paid the tribute of reverence and affec-
" tion to the memory of departed worth.

" The first day passed, amid these strong
" impressions, scarcely perceived; but on

" the second, the claims of hunger awa
" kened him from his pensive trance, and
" became more imperious than those of
" liberty.

" Still, I did not appear—every hour,
" in its lingering progress, increased his
" sufferings—his horror—his despair!

" He had almost began to doubt my
" honour; or to apprehend I might have
" fallen a victim to my generosity by some
" cruel mischance.—In either case, he saw
" himself doomed to suffer a death ten
" thousand times more agonizing, than
" that which he had escaped.

" At length, wornout in fruitless expec-
" tations; tormented with encreasing fears;
" impelled by the eager calls of hunger;
" he madly searched around him, in the
" dark, for means to terminate his existence.

" Towards evening I approached;—I
" raised the door of the tomb.—My God,
" what were my sensations, when I called
" in vain upon the unhappy youth!——
" hastily descending with a lamp, I beheld
" him prostrate, at the foot of a magni-
" ficent tomb---his face covered with blood.
" ——I uttered a piercing shriek—he lay
" insensible—I thought him dead—till,
" after a time, becoming more composed,
" I could perceive a languid pulsation at
" his heart. I raised his head on my lap;
" chafed his temples; poured some brandy
" into his mouth; and, with joy, beheld
" him open his eyes.

" He had a violent cut on his forehead,
" which, in the agony of despair, he had
" beaten against the iron railing of the
" tomb; but sinking with weakness, he
" fainted before he had an opportunity to

" inflict more blows, and was merely
" stunned.

" I bound his forehead—gave him nou-
" rishment, and revived him—I then ex-
" plained how I had been detained from
" him, and expressed hopes, that nothing
" would again impede my daily visits, till
" I could release him with safety.

" Refreshed by my care, and consoled
" by my assurances, I again left my poor
" prisoner, who had detailed to me, the
" relation I have just given you; but I had
" scarcely proceeded ten paces, before I
" heard the sound of voices at the church
" door, in a tumultuous sort of argu-
" ment—I flew back to the vault, and
" whispered to the refugee, " not to
" move."

" The persons who now filled the church,

" were a detachment of French soldiers,
" in search of the object of my conceal-
" ment—my father had been accused of
" secreting him; but, bold in his inno-
" cence, he led the party on, inviting them
" to search every nook and corner, the
" better to establish his own good faith
" and probity.

" Alas, my dear father little knew the
" danger to which he now exposed his
" trembling daughter! our situation was,
" indeed, deplorable: several times we
" heard them pass over our heads, and
" I could almost have sank into the earth
" with terror:—each footstep sounded as
" the signal of immediate death.

" At length, they were retiring—I began,
" once more, to breathe freely, when my
" unhappy father boastingly recalled their
" attention, telling them, one spot was

" yet unexplored—he invited them to
" descend the vault.

" At this moment he raised up the trap,
" and discovered his fatal error—the de-
" tachment, however, did not return—my
" father closed the door again, and scarcely
" able to walk, left the church.

" He returned soon after, and without
" a single upbraiding, desired me to follow
" him—I did so, having previously coun-
" selled my companion how to depart,
" with most probability of success, as soon
" as it was dark—Leaving the trap door
" open, we, now, hastened from the fa-
" tal chapel, to go, we knew not whither;
" my imprudent humanity having raised
" the murderous axe above our heads,
" which awaited nothing but the signal
" to do its duty.

" We left Brussels with the few things
" we could hastily tie in a bundle; and,
" shortly after, heard that the noble youth
" had been arrested in his flight, and execu-
" ted—refusing, to the last moment, to
" betray those who had secreted him,
" although his pardon was the reward
" offered to his compliance. Since then,
" we have been wanderers on the face of
" the earth, dragging on a precarious exis-
" tence.

" This, Madame, is the simple history of
" our woes."

If you are interested by my narrative, Laura, judge what it must have been from the lips of this generous girl------I lay down my pen.

One Comment, would rob my little tale of all its worth!

I must attempt a livelier theme to-day, my Laura, yesterday's employment oppressed me quite.

You are not to suppose, however, my dear, that we lead a gay life, because I have given you a detail of so many gay things—*tout au contraire*, I can assure you; —we keep no carriage, and see very little company.—Occupy a small suite of apartments, at Beauvilliers, rue St. Honorè; and live, as *soberly* as possible.

In short, mamma is become quite an altered creature; and, if it were not for a few good natured souls, who have the compassion to call here sometimes of an evening, I should expire with *ennui*; but it is impossible to be grave among these merry people, they are so made up of entertaining nonsense—such agreeable flattery—that you are obliged to be pleased with them.

These thoughtless creatures inherit, from nature, social dispositions—So much gaiety —volubility— and badinage — that care vanishes before their influence.—They never think themselves, or suffer others to do so—then, they are so obsequious—so attentive to your every movement—they give interest to the dullest things imaginable.

They are said to be insincere—*mais qu' importe* ?—a stranger does not come to Paris, in search of a benevolent, or confidential, friend.—We come to be amused ; and there is a gallantry about them all— women as well as men—which proves extremely pleasant. The business of their lives, appears to be, " the pleasure of pleasing."

In England, one handsome woman is filled with envy at the appearance of ano-

ther—here, they will, good humouredly flatter each other, by saying all sorts of pretty things.

Some days ago, I went to a perfumers to buy a pot of rouge.—A very lively brunette presented herself behind the counter, entreating to know, how she could have the honour to serve me—

I told my errand.

When she gave me the rouge, which was divine; I could not avoid saying.—— "You are really very selfish on this side the "water."—"*Comment Madame?*"—with a graceful inclination of the head.

"Because," said I, "you never suffer "such rouge as this to leave France. The "Parisiennes know, too well, how to ap "preciate its value."

" *Ah Madame,*" was the reply, accompanied by a *certain* smile—" *Avec la* " *beaute anglaise, on se moquent bien de* " *rouge.*"

I looked full in the grisettes face, and thought it very handsome—*Certes*—she had a pretty round face, animated by a pair of black eyes, that asked no aid from language to make them eloquent.

Very possibly I paid a livre or two more than I ought, but I never left a shop, in my life, better pleased with a bargain.

For all this, we do not confine ourselves entirely to French manners. We have many of our young nobility here, and others of fashion.

" Pray, my dear, did you ever hear of " such an animal, as Sir George Sawyer ?"

" Sir George Sawyer, Emily, pray what " of him?"

" Only, he is a sly fellow, Laura, " that is all."

Now, wont you call me a good girl?—Let me see—one, two, three, four, five, ----------Oh, I cannot count over these sheets.——You will certainly find it a penance to read them.

Is it not very singular, we learn no sort of tidings of my father? I am seriously alarmed, and mamma very low spirited.——Heaven protect him! all will I hope be well again.

Mamma writes to my uncle and aunt by this conveyance; tell them both how dearly I love them; and you may remember,—if

you are so pleased—that you possess a very snug corner in the heart of

Your ever affectionate,

EMILY BERTIE.

There were some sallies of sprightly humour in this letter, which could not fail to claim the smile of approbation; and Laura engaged to repay her cousin's kindness, by a detail of the little domestic occurrences that marked the regularity of their humble life.

One circumstance, however, she had omitted in the perusal—and that was the name of Sir George Sawyer—he had been slightly known to her, and the mention of his name by her cousin, gave her no small degree of inquietude. She feared Emily was in love—a certain sort of sigh expressed the fulness of her compassion. It was a

torment, whose power Laura had too fatally experienced, although the superiority of her mind, which still restrained its insidious progress, seemed to give a positive negative to the general opinion, "that love was omnipotent."

Sir George was a gay dashing young man, and had been a fellow student with young Manly, at Cambridge—this acquaintance, though not intimate, had introduced him to the Manly family, from which, however, he was soon after expelled, by the buz of a little anecdote we shall recount.

The particulars had very partially reached our heroine's ears; but she knew enough to fill her sympathetic mind with a thousand apprehensions for the welfare of her cousin; she, therefore, hastened to put Emily on her guard.—To the tale.

" At the Newmarket Spring meeting,
" a few years since, Sir George Sawyer
" and a number of others, as is usual with
" the Cantabs, made a party to the races.

" A trifling accident, that upset a poor
" basket-woman on the course, presented
" Sir George with an opportunity to dis-
" play his gallantry.

" Riding up to the spot, he found the
" woman had sustained no other injury
" than the loss of some hot spiced-ginger-
" bread nuts; and perceiving an elegant
" barouche and four close by, he *generously*
" threw the sufferer some silver, and
" then turned his attention to the la-
" dies in the carriage, who appeared much
" alarmed at the crowd and uproar produced
" by this little casualty.

" The barouche was well appointed, and

" contained two ladies, who were assiduously
" employed in applying salts to the relief
" of each other.

" Sir George rode up to them, and hav-
" ing calmed their fears, took advantage
" of the polite service he had done them,
" by entering into a familiar chit-chat; and
" no objection being made on the part of
" the ladies, he continued by the side of
" the carriage all the morning;—describing
" the favorite horses— pointing to noted
" members of the turf—exposing the in-
" famous association of the black legs and
" the peer, between whom the spirit of
" gambling levelled all distinction—gave
" anecdotes of characters as they passed,
" and made himself so very agreeable, that
" the ladies took infinite pleasure in his
" society.

" Several persons of fashion, as they

" rode by, saluting Sir George by his title,
" the elderly lady, who, though under
" forty, was the mother of her companion,
" frankly gave him her card, saying Mr.
" Tremor would be happy to see him in
" town, and acknowledge the service he
" had rendered them.

" The carriage had scarcely driven off,
" before a town blood rode up behind Sir
" George, and tapping him on the shoul-
" der, wished him joy of his good luck.

' Good luck,' repeated Sir George,
' why, my dear fellow, I have not made a
' single bet—I have been playing quite ano-
' ther game.'

' Exactly—and therefore do I call you
' lucky dog—dont you know the party
' you have been entertaining these three
' hours ?'

'Not I, upon my soul—but I have a
'card, and the address bespeaks affluence.'

'Affluence, my boy! why that girl's
'fortune will not be less than 20 lacks of
'rupees. She is allied to a string of Na-
'bobs, who will vie with each other to
'make her a match for a Prince—but it
'will be your fault if you do not mar their
'prospects—that is, if the gilding will re-
'concile the pill.'

'Matrimony, to be sure, is a d——d
'nauseous dose—one is so cursedly afraid
'of cuckoldom; and though it is pleasant
'enough to laugh at in the families of
'our friends, it is not quite so agreeable at
'home.'

'Ha! ha! ha! what, are you afraid of
'retaliation, my boy? Does your con-
'science goad you?'

'No—no—prithee, go on.'

'Well then, you must know the mother is a weak, vain, woman; and Julia romantic to a degree of enthusiasm: make love to the mother *ostensibly*—to the daughter, *secretly*—you will by that means flatter both; and while mamma is making comparisons between a gay young fellow, full of rich English blood, and an old sapless Asiatic twig; it is easy to guess which will be the gainer.

'Meanwhile, plot and contrive—subscribe to every circulating library within the bills of mortality—devise plans for clandestine interviews—assume disguises —and while the mother is debating between the flesh and the spirit, her daughter will be ready to leap into your arms from a two pair of stairs window.'

'Upon my soul, Frank, nobly con-
'trived! you shall be my *magnus Apollo*—
'we will achieve this adventure in style,
'and convince the little Julia, that modern
'knights errant are as adventrous and bold
'as those of yore.'

'Agreed—play or pay for a thousand
'guineas!—but where shall we dine?

"The last question was followed by an ar-
"rangement for the day, and they rode
"off.

"It would be tedious to pursue the re-
"gular train of well-digested stratagems
"which at length hailed Sir George with a
"prospect of ultimate success.

"Mamma was too much in love to dream
"of a rival, particularly in 'the child,' as
"she always called her daughter; but Miss,

" though scarcely turned of fifteen, had
" other sentiments— she thought Sir
" George a prodigious nice man, and
" doated on him to distraction.—She was
" delighted with the thoughts of foiling
" her mother—and, with the assistance of
" her abigail, contrived many tender
" meetings, with all the privacy and cau-
" tion necessary— till invention being
" aground—the next novelty was———
" the signal for elopement.

" Just at this crisis, Papa, who had
" hitherto been busied in superintending
" the improvements of a new purchase,
" unluckily, for the lovers, returned to
" town.

" Sir George was introduced to Mr.
" Tremor, with a very magnified account
" of the obligation the family had to him—
" Mr. Tremor, full of acknowledgments,

" returned the compliment by repeated in-
" vitations to his table.

" Affairs soon began to wear a very dif-
" ferent aspect—Mr. Tremor was a man of
" the world; he had studied mankind,
" and womankind too—all his ambitious
" views centered in his daughter—the re-
" ward of his toils abroad depended on
" her establishment; and, with a fortune
" to purchase a coronet of the first rank,
" he made no doubt of speculating such an
" alliance; proposing to conceal his origi-
" nal nothingness in the splendor of his
" daughter's connections.

" With these objects in view, he scan-
" ned Miss Julia's actions with a jealous,
" scrutinizing, eye; and although her years
" had hitherto kept him free from alarms,
" he did not fail to be on his guard,

" Suspicion was soon awakened—nor
" was it long before a confirmation followed
" —Sir George was politely forbidden the
" house, and Miss Julia locked up in her
" chamber.

" Day and night invention was on the
" rack—she could not write to Sir George,
" for her maid had been replaced by an
" old surly duenna—nor could she, for
" the same reason, receive a letter from
" him—a kind of desperation insensibly
" stole upon her faculties— her words
" were incoherent—her ravings frequent---
" her threats violent; insomuch, that se-
" rious apprehensions were entertained for
" her personal safety.

" The *humane* father, *very affectionately*
" deploring the situation of his daughter,
" sent for a nurse from a mad-house, who

" instantly had recourse to the strait waist-
" coat.

" The restraint of this machine, opera-
" ting on a frenzied mind, deprived the
" poor girl of the little reason she had left;
" and her paroxyms grew so violent, it
" was thought expedient to remove her to
" a private mad-house in the suburbs.

" The lover was as much enraged as his
" mistress, but more the master of his ac-
" tions and understanding—Some very
" unpleasant rencontres took place with
" Mr. Tremor; and his lady, adding the
" pangs of disappointed love to her other
" feelings, was almost as ungovernable as
" her daughter.

" It happened that the nurse, to whose
" care Julia was now entrusted, possessed a
" degree of humanity in her disposition

" unusual with persons in her situation.
" She soon read the cause of Julia's ra-
" vings, and, by mingling tenderness with
" authority, restored her charge to the
" use of her senses.

" This change was succeeded by the
" confidence of the young lady; who at
" length, by intreaties, and great promises,
" won the nurse over to her interest.

" By means of this powerful ally, letters
" passed between Julia and Sir George, in
" the true spirit of romance: a key was
" made, from an impression in wax, to
" unscrew the bars of the window, and an
" hour appointed for Julia's escape.

" Sir George, attended by a trusty valet
" on horseback, repaired to the scene of
" action in a chaise and four: His friend
" Frank, and another blood, armed at all

" points, awaited his arrival;—a hackney
" coach, with a ladder, was likewise posted.

" Just as the watch went past twelve
" o'clock, the valet fell from his horse—
" his master, apprised of the accident,
" loudly called for help—the rattle was
" sprung, and presently a host of watch-
" men appeared to the signal.

" The man lay to all appearance dead—
" his master— extremely affected— en-
" quired where assistance might be found.

" One of the watchmen readily offered
" to call a surgeon, but Sir George's anxiety
" was too great—he would go for the doc-
" tor himself; and taking the address, or-
" dered the postboys to fly with him thi-
" ther, promising, at his return, to reward
" the watch for their trouble.

" Every body knows the idle curiosity
" of the lower class of people in England;
" and while these *faithful* guardians of the
" night, stood gaping, with their mouths
" wide open, on the supposed corpse, Julia,
" released from the fear of their intrusion,
" descended the ladder in her lover's arms,
" and was soon beyond an apprehension of
" pursuit.

" Although no surgeon came, it is won-
" derful to tell—the *dead* man presently
" arose, and mounting his horse again,
" rode off, to the great astonishment of
" the affrighted watch.

" Our partie quarrée arrived at a village
" inn, about twenty miles from town,
" where they halted for a few hours, pro-
" posing to set off on foot the next day;
" and by sometimes walking, and some-

" times driving across the country, to
" evade all possibility of being traced.

" In the mean time, Julia, whose spi-
" rits had suffered a change beyond her
" strength, was pressed, by Sir George, to
" retire; and no haven appearing so favour-
" able to repose, as the arms of a tender
" and adoring lover, he offered his hand
" to lead her to her room.

" Julia, with a half-reluctant negative,
" followed, like the thoughtless lambkin
" to the gilded sacrifice.

" Here, amid ten thousand oaths of
" never-ceasing love, and promises the
" most solemn to marry her the moment
" they could get a licence, or prevail with
" a clergyman to unite them,—an event,
" however, he said, her youth would
" greatly retard—the unsuspecting Julia

" was lulled into security:—she passed the
" night forgetful of every sorrow,—and
" arose, at noon, with renovated charms.

" This ill-fated girl, who was really
" lovely in her person, and had been edu-
" cated with virtuous opinions, entered the
" breakfast-room with timidity; and when
" her eyes met the bold stare of libertinism,
" with which her companions greeted her
" approach, she blushed with the genuine
" feelings of offended modesty.

" Led to her chair, by the enraptured
" Sir George, she sat down, silently, to
" table. The void in her heart was closed
" —a fullness of delight occupied her soul
" —she dared not meet the tender glances
" of her lover's eyes; but she felt he was
" dearer to her than the whole world
" beside.

" Thus blessed, the happy pair, who,
" on the following day, dismissed their
" friends, pursued a route of chance.—
" At length, a month elapsed, and the
" sweets of unlimited possession began to
" pall upon the surfeited Sir George, who
" determined to bring the farce to a de-
" nouement.

" It was agreed, that Julia should write
" to her mother,—and Sir George to Mr.
" Tremor,—they did so.

" Julia's letter was such as might be
" expected—full of contrition,—but still
" more full of love;—abhorring the trea-
" son—yet doating on the traitor;—it
" concluded with supplications of forgive-
" ness.

" As the lioness, roused in her den by
" the approaching noise of hunters, wildly

" erects her crest, and with eyes darting
" rage and fire, prepares to defend her
" helpless cubs,—so sprang the infuriate
" Mrs. Tremor from her seat, on reading
" Julia's letter,—every separate feature me-
" ditating vengeance on the authors of
" her wrongs!

" The letter from Sir George was a mild
" apology for the uncontroulable power of
" love; which, added to the sternness of
" Mr. Tremor's conduct, had hurried him
" into the step he had taken. He en-
" treated Mr. Tremor to forget the little
" scenes of altercation that had passed be-
" tween them, and to receive him as his son:
" deplored, that the youth of Julia made
" his sanction necessary to their union;
" and begged to be informed what fortune
" her friends proposed giving her on the
" day of marriage.

" His own fortune, he said, was merely " equal to a bachelor's expenses,—a poor " £3000 per annum, and that not free " from incumbrance.—He proposed prov- " ing the disinterestedness of his passion, " by the liberality of the settlement he " would make from her own fortune; and " entreated Mr. Tremor's attorney might " be, forthwith, empowered to draw the " necessary writings.

" Mr. Tremor was galled by every line " of this most impudent letter, but " restraining his feelings within proper " bounds, he summoned a meeting of " his family,—by whom it was *most bene-* " *volently* settled, that if Julia were beg- " ging about the streets, with *her bastard* " tied to her back, they would not afford " her the least relief.

" The conduct of the noble baronet

" now visibly altered ;—Julia's beauties no
" longer tempted the libertine,—her art-
" less manners no longer pleased—To
" be concise,—he wished to get rid of her.

" With this *honourable* intention, he
" again wrote to Mr. Tremor, to say, that
" unless the family would give Julia a for-
" tune, he could not marry her,—that he
" loved her too well to reduce her to beg-
" gary, which must be the consequence of
" so imprudent a match,—and desired Mr.
" Tremor to consider that, as his *unalter-*
" *able* resolution.

" To this, no answer was returned.—
" Poor Julia now saw herself almost de-
" serted ; — she passed the lonely hours
" at a cottage near Windsor,—deploring,
" too late, the fatal effects of her credulity;
" but still loving the object of her ruin.

" In vain she sought to soften the
" rugged breast of her merciless mother,
" —in vain she pleaded to a relentless
" father,—in vain she looked up for com-
" fort, or reparation, from an unprincipled
" rake;—in vain she solicited consolation
" from her own racked bosom!

" Sir George now seldom saw her;—
" and when he did, his manners were cold
" and ceremonious,—her supplications he
" called upbraidings,—her tears, hypocrisy.

" At length, the hapless Julia, urged
" by despair to end a scene of insup-
" portable wretchedness, strolled pensively
" along the banks of the river, and at
" Datchet, plunged into the stream, and
" awfully closed the measure of her woes.

" This story was soon whispered about
" town,—yet Sir George appeared as gay

" as usual. The women all called him a
" monster; but the tale was soon lost in
" some trifling novelty, which occupied
" every-body's attention; and Sir George
" was, as usual, admitted into society, un-
" prejudiced by the *little gallantry* he had
" so lately committed.

" As to the family of Julia, they do
" not deserve the least compassion.—May
" their own weak, sordid, and ambitious
" minds, groan under the pressure of re-
" morse, till they can find consolation from
" that unprofitable wealth, the misappli-
" cation of which has hurled down misery
" on their wretched heads!

" Let the stern,—obstinate,—unfeeling
" parent,—of every rank in life,—ponder
" on this melancholy tale;—let him learn
" to forgive his misled child, as he hopes
" forgiveness from HIM whom he daily

" offends; and let the selfish feelings of
" the contracted soul, expand with the
" pure emotions of humanity towards all
" the sufferings of mankind!"

In writing to Emily, Laura found it impossible to argue caution in love, without recalling sentiments to her recollection of such dangerous tendency, that she shuddered at the abyss that yawned beneath her, menacing her everlasting peace.

More resolved than ever to combat with her affections, she drew resources of comfort from the rectitude of her principles and innocency of her heart; and abstained, with renovated firmness, from re-exposing herself to similar temptations, by shunning Augustus with redoubled vigilance.

Many were the struggles occasioned by this virtuous contest.—Reflection, how-

ever, made them, daily, less poignant: and Victory, at length, gave assurance of repose to our amiable heroine.

The hay season commenced, and the Manlys joined in all the labors of the field—the season was prosperous, and they contemplated, with gratitude, the reward awaiting them.

Laura had no musical instruments to amuse her leisure hours, but she had other talents to cheer them, and those she did not neglect.

The country abounded in romantic scenery, and the little parlor already began to be ornamented, with picturesque designs, from her elegantly-descriptive pencil.

Of her poetical effusions, we have already given a slight specimen; but add the fol-

lowing desultory poem, in confirmation of the taste and fancy of her muse.

THE VISION.

By turns to climb the cloud-capp'd hill,
Or linger near yon murmuring rill ;
Or 'mid some grove's time-moulder'd trees,
To list the spirit of the breeze,
As passing at the close of day,
Its voice—swells in a sigh—then, trembling, dies away

Or from some high, impending cliff,
To view the fisher's lab'ring skiff,
As now behind a wave 'tis lost :
Now on a foaming surge 'tis tost.
Dim, thro' the evening mist, she looms,
And now a frigate's size assumes ;
Changing her figure as she nears,
At length, to land, in safety steers,
And, 'mid the beach's sullen roar,
Is drawn, triumphantly, on shore.

Yes!—let me rove such scenes among,
Or hear, entranced, the shepherd's song;
Ere yet the sun has tipp'd with fire,
The solitary village spire!

The rural song that ev'ry morn,
Rouses the sky lark from the corn;
While LUBIN marks, with blinking eyes,
Her rapid progress thro' the skies,
Fast lessening to his wearied sight,
Shrinks to a speck absorb'd in light

If gentle SUSAN, chastely kind,
Engrave upon the willow's rind,
Her fond and constant WILLIAM's name,
What transports glow thro' all his frame!
By chance he finds this proof of love,
And near—a flow'ry chaplet wove—
Suspended by a ribbon blue,
Sure pledge of passion—warm and true!

Oft times o'er rocky steeps I pore,
And listen to the torrent's roar;
As rushing from a fissure high,
Its rolling mists enchant the eye,

And o'er the mountain's reverend brow,
The rainbows varied beauties throw;—
Here, pond'ring on the ruthless storm,
I've seen the shipwreck'd sailor's form,
Cast, lifeless on the bleaky strand,
Half buried in the yielding sand.

Close to my ear, the screaming brood,
Of Eaglet's rav'ning for their food——
Till, starting from the spell so strong,
That bound my senses all night long,
With holy transport I behold,
The golden gates of day unfold;
While up the slope, soft breezes creep,
Cool from the surface of the deep;
And every gently-waving thorn,
Glitters with dewy pearls of morn:
And thankful hear the surges roar,
In idle fury to the shore——
While hungry sea-birds skim in vain,
For human food, the billow'd main.

Imagination—wondrous pow'r!
Aloft to heaven, sublime we tow'r,

Or down on ocean's glittering bed,
Thro' chrystal palaces we tread;
Like meteors, glide from pole to pole,
Wrapt in illusion's magic stole,
We dart, and every realm survey,
That courts the genial blaze of day.

The summer made its circle; and in this peaceful way, the inmates of Rosemary Farm employed their time; when an event, more fatal than all the powers of language can describe, invaded their humble blessings, and placed them in a state bordering on madness.

The bleak winds of October had began to whistle through the almost leafless trees—the verdant garb of nature assumed a dingy shade—and now the blazing billet cheered the rustic's hearth.

The family had retired, as usual, at an

early hour; but Mr. Manly was aroused towards morning, by a strong smell of fire; and rising, hastily, he beheld the whole building in a flame.

Throwing on a night-gown, and desiring his wife to get up with all imaginable haste, he ran to Laura's chamber, who had that moment been awakened from a deep sleep, and was dressing, with as much hurry as her fears would admit.

"Rise, my beloved child," exclaimed the agitated parent——"the flames gain fast "upon us—our all is lost——God's will "be done!"

"I come, dear father, I come—for "heaven's sake return and comfort my "mamma."

Mr. Manly met his wife on the head of

the stairs—scarcely dressed,—and bearing a small trunk, under her arm, in which they kept their valuables.

He led her into the garden, where he soon saw it would be impossible to save any of their furniture.—He stood intently gazing, with philosophic firmness, on the progress of the fire—then starting, exclaimed —— " But how is this—my " Laura comes not."——On the instant, flying towards her chamber, he called her, by name, at every step he took.

The door was open, and his daughter gone—supposing she had escaped through the back way, he hastened thither—the passage was open—he revived—the palpitations of his heart recovered their placid tones—he stopped a moment—and again breathed freely.

He now traversed the yard, calling upon Laura—but in vain—night was robbed of all its gloom by the expanding flames—he saw his way clearly before him—he left no place unexamined.

Then dreading, lest her fears had overpowered her — and that she might be laying in a fit in some part of the house ----he eagerly regained the stair-case—again visited her room—again explored every avenue and corner—still calling, as he desperately pursued his search, upon the name of Laura.

By this time, some labourers had assembled before the house: and seeing the inevitable death that must be the consequence of Mr. Manly's remaining longer in the building; they rushed in, and forcibly drew him out.

The next moment, with a horrid crash, the roof fell in.

Mrs. Manly, at the sight, gave a piercing shriek, and swooned on the ground.

This heart-rending spectacle seemed to recall his bewildered faculties—and while Martha endeavoured to restore her mistress, he knelt, and prayed by her side.

The moment Mrs. Manly opened her eyes, she looked wildly about her—seized her husband's hand; pressed it with a bitter grasp; and faintly articulating the name of Laura, sank once more into the arms of her attendant.

The people now ranged every part of the farm, in search of Laura; while the agonies of Mr. Manly so overpowered his

frame, he was no longer able to assist his wife, who relapsed, from one fainting fit into another, without intermission.

About day-break, the good curate and his wife, who had been apprised of this calamity, came, with a benevolent view to give their best assistance to the sufferers.

They found Mrs. Manly still lying on the ground, her head resting on Martha's lap; while her husband bent over her exhausted frame, pressing her hand—the statue of dumb, but expressive, woe!

Mr. Manly had scarcely withdrawn from his daughter's room, the first time, when her fears were increased by a loud thumping at the door.

"Who's there," said Laura, trembling all over—"For heaven's sake, dear Miss,

make haste," was the reply—" the staircase is on fire."

Our heroine half dressed, and terrified almost beyond the power of supporting herself, opened the door; when a man, eagerly throwing his arm around her waist, cried out impatiently,

" This way—this way—my dear young " lady—run—we have scarcely time to " save ourselves."

Hurried onwards, her feet scarcely touched the ground, and horror had deprived her mind of all reflection—In this way she was led, or rather carried, into the back yard, where the terrific glare of the increasing flames, almost wholly deprived her of her senses.

At length, she beheld a chaise and se-

veral horsemen; but, before she could form an opinion on the subject, a large cloak was thrown over her shoulders, and the force of a ruffian's arm placed her in the carriage, which moved off with extreme rapidity.

All this was done so quickly, that Laura had not even time to call for help.——She sank backward in the carriage, oppressed by contending emotions; till, at length, a flood of tears gave her considerable relief.

She then took a survey of her situation—a wax taper burnt in a small lamp, affixed to the space between the front windows of the carriage—the Venetian blinds were up—and a motherly sort of looking woman sat by her side.

The stranger now addressed our heroine, praying her to be consoled—assured her

she was in honourable hands, and that a few hours would open prospects to her, to compensate this momentary suffering.

" Who are you, my good mother," said Laura, plaintively—" and whither do " you take me?—Oh, speak, and relieve " my distraction!—your years—your sex— " the softness of your manners—tell me I " may trust you, and that you cannot " league with vice to injure an unoffending " girl—perhaps you are a parent—oh, if " so, conceive the agony mine must endure, " to be thus violently deprived of a be- " loved daughter."

To this pathetic address, the woman mildly replied, that Laura had nothing to apprehend—that she would be happy—and her parents too—she entreated her to be composed; every thing would,

in proper time, be explained, and she would have no cause for regret.

This vague consolation by no means sufficed to relieve our heroine—Little accustomed to the storms of passion, she knew not how to assuage them—despair had presented her with a new lesson, the severity of which called all her faculties into play, and produced a chaos in her brain.

Her companion, who knew that ill-timed consolation was, like oil poured upon a lamp, food to the subject—left nature to restore istelf; but when she found Laura enfeebled by the uncommon exertions of her mind, she ventured to propose assistance.

A travelling-case with cordials was now produced; and Laura, with much entreaty, took lavender drops on a lump of sugar.

A silence of some time succeeded—the

velocity with which they travelled increased the confusion of our heroine's feelings—she leaned backward in the carriage, endeavouring to summon up the aid of reflection.

Recovering gradually her scattered spirits, she began to seek a pretext for this unwarrantable seizure of her person; and a new horror assailed her mind, when she connected these deliberate preparations made for elopement, with the casualty of a fire.

Who could be guilty of such an outrage? ——Dormer! ah, surely no.—His bosom was the seat of every virtue, although the pangs of hopeless love had led him to a slight estrangement from the paths of discretion. Having thus acquitted him, she knew not where to place her suspicions, or whom to suppose capable of so violent an atrocity. All her anxieties, however,

tended to no point of elucidation; she therefore resolved to affect a perfect compliance with the will of her gaoler; and was not without hopes of being able to interest the people, in her behalf, wherever they might stop to change horses; or, to alarm the keepers of the turnpike gates.

But no gates opposed their rapid course —presently the carriage made a momentary rest; but the action of the body had not ceased, 'ere she perceived the wheels to turn again with renovated speed.

Laura now conjectured that relays were provided, and turnpikes opened by the outriders. Still she thought it possible, trifling as the stoppage was, to succeed in giving an alarm the next time they changed horses, when it would be broad day.

Meanwhile, our heroine was presented

by her companion with cold chicken, and a glass of Madeira; but she refused to take any refreshment, and continued silent.

When they stopped, Laura suddenly let down the blind before her, and called loudly for help: but judge her astonishment, to find they were on a common, and that the horses had been waiting their arrival, in warm cloathing, and ready harnessed.

"You see," said the woman "how "useless it is to torment yourself—be as- "sured their is no possibility of escape— "I entreat you to regulate your conduct "accordingly—you will not hereafter com- "plain."

So saying, she put up the window; the carriage rolled off; and our heroine, again, sank backwards on her seat.

Baffled in her attempt—her fears increased—and her apprehensions for her parents were unbounded.

In this manner, without farther interruption, they pursued their route till dusk, when the carriage stopped.

" Now, my lady, we are at home."

On alighting from the carriage, they were received by a young person about the age of Laura, who called her companion mother, and welcomed our heroine; but with more form than cordiality.

With the housekeeper, for such was the woman, it was very different—with the most respectful manners she intreated to know our heroine's commands—appeared extremely solicitous lest her health should suffer from the fatigue of body, and agita-

tion of mind, she had undergone—pressed her to take some cordial while supper was getting ready, and asked if she could add any particular dish to what they were preparing.

It was not in the nature of our heroine to repay kindness with ingratitude; she, therefore, received these obliging offers with a smile, and saying she supposed she was a prisoner, desired to be shewn to her apartment, as rest was the refreshment she most wanted.

The housekeeper, finding she could not otherwise prevail, prepared to obey; and having left the room a few minutes, returned to say every thing was ready.

Laura followed up stairs to an handsomely-furnished bed-room with a good fire; when she said she would retire alone.

The housekeeper replied, she would merely bring up a toast, and some white wine-whey.

Having done so, and opened a wardrobe containing every description of female attire, she wished Laura a good night and withdrew.

Our heroine having carefully examined the room, and found nothing calculated to alarm her; turned the key in the door, dropt the night-bolt, and went to bed

It was very mysterious!—so much caution—so much respect—yet such a daring act of villany: it was in vain to puzzle herself; conjecture could not assist her; but the morrow was to explain all.

Having invoked the protection of heaven, and given a heartfelt sigh to the af-

fliction her parents were suffering under, the virtuous maid pressed her pillow, and exhausted nature yielded to the balm of soft repose.

This housekeeper was the widow of Mr. Timothy Spraggs, a fashionable boot-maker at the west end of the town; and having formerly been *abigail* to a lady of high rank, she possessed all the *second-hand airs* of fashion—her extravagance, when she married, gradually led her husband into great difficulties; so that at his death, about three years ago, he was declared "insolvent."

Mrs. Spraggs having lost all her other children, it will not appear extraordinary that she should doat on her surviving daughter. Miss Aurelia Clementina Spraggs was therefore sent, by her *accomplished* mother, to a genteel boarding school a few

miles from the metropolis, where every useful branch of education is neglected for a smattering of bad French or Italian; the last new Scotch or Irish step; and a ridiculous parade of half-acquired music.

To these *elegancies*, Miss Aurelia Clementina devoted herself unceasingly; and nature having given her a pretty person, she left school, at the age of fifteen, armed at all points for conquest, and became the idol of her mother, who spared no expense in the indulgence of her unlimited vanity.

Poor Timothy, in this particular, fell into the error of his better half.—He could not conceive a girl with such *purdigious* beauty and accomplishment as his daughter, Miss Aurelia Clementina, possessed, was designed to stand behind a counter; and contributed his share to turn her giddy head.

In the midst, however, of the visionary grandeur, so anxiously expected by every individual of this family, Timothy died suddenly; his creditors seized upon all the stock; turning his widow, and Miss Aurelia Clementina, pennyless into the world.

Mrs. Spraggs was much shocked at this calamitous event, and Miss Aurelia Clementina inconsolable. They were soon, however, compelled to take some active steps for their support, and Mrs. Spraggs found, too late, that her daughter was too fine a lady to be of any service to her.

Timothy had worked for Mr. Dormer, and that gentleman's amiable character, induced the widow to represent her lamentable situation to him, in hopes of relief.

Dormer gave her a trifle for the present, and as he lost no opportunity of adding to

the fair name he enjoyed in the world, he very *generously* set a subscription on foot for the benefit of the parties. Mr. Dormer was irresistible—he soon realised a little sum to set them up in business—but things had taken a different turn—Miss Aurelia Clementina had the folly to suppose, the little attentions paid to her by Mr. Dormer, were the certain effect of her unrivalled charms—she, therefore, *set her cap at him*, and, in a very short time, had her vanity gratified at the expense of her virtue.

Mr. Dormer now proposed taking them both to his cottage, an elegant retirement presented to him by his uncle, where he thought Miss might serve, as a play-thing, to amuse his idle hours.

Miss Aurelia Clementina was all for love: and solitude—embellished by Dormer—was dearer to her heart, than a palace would

have been without him. Her mother happier, perhaps, to find her daughter the mistress of a man of fashion, than the wife of a mechanic, consented to the change, and undertook the care of their house.

In this seclusion, admirably calculated to evade the impertinences of curiosity, Miss Aurelia Clementina became the mother of a fine boy, which was sent to nurse almost as soon as born, and this little amour was kept a profound secret from even his most intimate friends.

Without the least regard for her person, otherwise than as a pretty toy, Mr. Dormer had suffered her to reign for two years mistress of the cottage; where, in his absence, she did every thing she pleased.

When Dormer meditated running away with Laura, he could not conceive any si-

tuation more private than his cottage—but he knew not how to remove Miss Aurelia Clementina; who, to excessive vanity, added hauteur, and a turbulence of disposition, ill-calculated to brook an insult.

He had recourseto stratagem; and having first sounded the mother, by their united influence, and the still more prevailing authority of five hundred guineas, the ruin of Laura was, ideally, confirmed.

Mrs. Spraggs performed her part of the covenant to a miracle, by obeying every particular imposed by Mr. Dormer; but Miss Aurelia Clementina was not composed of such pliant materials. The moment she saw Laura, extreme beauty raised so much envy in her breast, that she repented having given a consent to be the tool of her own rising torments.

At supper, her mother found her quite out of humour, and had much difficulty to prevail with her to suffer the plan to proceed.

It was late when Laura awoke next morning, very much recruited by a good night's rest, but not less the prey of unceasing solicitude.

As soon as she was heard stirring in her room, Mrs. Spraggs tapped at the door; and, on being admitted, assisted Laura to dress; who, constrained by circumstances, took her linen from the wardrobe.

While dressing, Mrs. Spraggs told her the house she was in belonged to Mr. Dormer.

At the sound of that name, Laura shook like an aspen leaf—her cheek burnt—she

was all confusion: but how unlike that interesting emotion which formerly betrayed her feelings! she now heard it with amazement; and the blush that overspread her cheek bespoke her indignation—not her love! Still she suffered Mrs. Spraggs to proceed without interruption.

" It is small, but very well fitted up—
" most romantically situated in the midst
" of a rookery: the grounds are enclosed by
" deep-sunk fences, so that there is no
" entrance to the house except over the
" Chinese bridge that leads from the high
" road. Mr. Dormer passes much of the
" summer here, which time he devotes to
" reading and music; there are a very
" valuable library below, and several musi-
" cal instruments; we have no neighbour-
" hood near us; but my daughter, who
" has been well brought up, finds amuse-
ment enough, and will, I hope, contri-

" bute to make this retirement pleasing to
" you, my lady, till Mr. Dormer arrives.
" In all things, except your passing beyond
" the bridge, our orders are strictly to obey
" your commands."

" Mr. Dormer, then, is not at home ?"

" No, my lady ; he was here last week
" to give orders for your reception, and we
" expect his Honor back to-morrow."

" Indeed ! and pray, Mrs. Spraggs, who
" did his Honor say you were to receive, in
" receiving me ?"

" His lady"—making a low courtesy ;
" his Honor said there were reasons why
" you should come here to be privately
" married ; although, the high sense you
" entertained of your duty towards your

" parents, *obliged* him to constrain you to
" consent to your own happiness."

" He is really very good—and very de-
" licate in his resolves."

" There, my lady, the whole world
" does him justice."

Laura saw the poor woman was prejudiced by her dependance on Mr. Dormer to think all he did right; she therefore made no reply, but followed to the breakfast room.

It was fitted up with a very extensive library; a large bow window opened on a small grass plot, comprising just space to admit the light, and surrounded by thick clumps of trees inhabited by rooks.

Miss Aurelia Clementina arose to receive our heroine, but without the least affability

—her features were at times sprightly; yet borrowed a certain degree of pertness from a little turn up of her nose, by no means pleasing. Her dress was rather fine than neat, and her whole appearance a compound of affectation.

In her attentions to Laura, it was evident she imagined she did her *vast* honor in noticing her at all; but Laura was too much occupied, by other subjects, to bestow a thought on her follies, particularly, when she observed her conduct to her mother was strongly marked by superiority and self-sufficiency.

After breakfast, Miss Aurelia Clementina, with unbending arrogance, led our heroine over the cottage, and grounds. At their return, taking Laura into the music-room.

she carelessly struck an octave, enquiring if Miss Manly played?

" To please myself," answered Laura.

" Oh, then you must be extremely care-
" ful how you touch this instrument—It is
" a STODDARD, with organised stops and
" pedals."

" You need not be afraid—I shall not
" injure it."

" But do you understand Italian?
" though I suppose not—I have no English
" music—it is such heavy composition."

" I presume, Miss, the *notes* in Italian
" are the same as those in English—but I
" am not disposed to play at any rate."

Our heroine, quite disgusted with her

companion, went up stairs to ruminate on her situation—and to endeavour to find a reason for Dormer's conduct, of whom she could not, yet, think ill; but the idea of the fire having *so opportunely* assisted his project, filled her with horror. She resolved calmly to await the morrow; she found an advocate in her gentle bosom, that softened the severity of censure; she thought it just to hear, before she unmercifully condemned him; she fortified her mind against the approaching interview, and entertained hopes he would not dare to urge any thing fatal either to her duty or repose.

The eventful morning came, and Laura was informed, before she left her chamber, that Mr. Dormer expected the pleasure of her company, *alone*, to breakfast.

As she entered the library, Dormer rose up to meet her, with all that insinuating

elegance and grace which won her virgin heart: but there was a composed and dignified air in the mein of Laura which evidently embarrassed him—still he advanced —no token of triumph sat upon his brow —no libertine smile played on his cheek— his manner was impressive—yet tempered by humility.

He led her to a seat, thus addressing her:

" Probably, Miss Manly, all I may have " to advance would not acquit me before " a jury of my peers; but I hope to appeal " to a milder tribunal, and trust my cause " to the all-powerful God of Love; who, " having taught me to sin, will also teach " me how to plead for mercy.

" It is not possible, my beloved Laura, " that you should be able to conceive an idea

" of *that* love with which I am inspired—
" nor can I describe the excess with which
" your are adored—I must confine myself
" simply to expose to you, the consequence
" of your cruel resolve to banish me for
" ever—for a venial fault too—committed
" in the fullness of a heart so perfectly
" guided by you, that it has no other
" thought, sentiment, or action, but that
" which is born, and matures, in the con-
" templation of your worth.

" I pursued your shade along the river's
" banks—I followed you through all our
" favorite walks—I conversed with you,
" yet you came not— I had moments—oh,
" Laura, horrible moments!—but when my
" heart was most torn, I would say, LAURA
" LOVES ME!—a momentary change took
" place through every fibre—still you came
" not—and I relapsed.

" Thus miserable—I would have died for
" you—but Laura snatched me from the
" brink of eternity.—Was I certain *she*
" would be happy when I was no more?
" *That* thought corrected me—and to save
" you from *one* pang, I continued to support
" ten thousand."

Here Dormer paused—and Laura replied:

" Before I can offer you any opinion on
" what you have advanced, Mr. Dormer, I
" must first know what fatality could con-
" nect the fire with the fulfilment of your
" daring project."

" Would I could as readily remove every
" objection," said Dormer, "by heaven! it
" was the effect of chance. My chaise had
" been some days waiting for an opportu-
" nity, which I hoped to prevail with you
" to employ to our mutual happiness—but

" the fire gave another turn to my thoughts,
" and frantic with the desire to possess
" you, at all events, without reflection I
" ordered you to be hurried to the car-
" riage, and followed myself to guard you
" —I had prepared the attendance of my
" housekeeper, that you might have a com-
" panion of your own sex—I forebore to
" visit you yesterday, that you might have
" time to recover your spirits—in all
" things I have made your happiness my
" first consideration—my own, is a minor
" claim."

" I do not affect, Mr. Dormer, to deny
" the sentiments with which I once per-
" mitted myself to dwell, perhaps *too fondly*,
" on your worth : While the invariable te-
" nor of your conduct justified my affec-
" tions, I partook all the pains you pro-
" fessed to feel—I suffered with you—
" loved with you—and had my prospects in

" life maintained their independence, I " should have gloried in avowing to the " world the choice my heart had made.

" But the Dormer I loved was gentle, " good, and virtuous—he would not have " betrayed me into error to profit by my " weakness---his godlike soul would have " sustained me in the pure pursuits of inno- " cence, even at the risk of his own hap- " piness—If, therefore, my sentiments are " changed; you, Sir, can explain the " cause: nor will you wonder if my judg- " ment can contemn, as freely, as it has ap- " proved: Enveloped by the shield of vir- " tue, I smile at the fancied power you may " presume upon, and *insist* on being re- " stored to my parents."

Awed by the dignity of this calm address, Dormer, for a time, lost all his presence of mind—the superiority of Laura's cha-

racter made him shrink from the contemplation of his own; but it was absolutely necessary to restore himself to her good opinion, if possible——he rallied.

"Angel of mercy," said Dormer, with the most impassioned air, "pity me; hear "me; help me,---oh, disarm those beau- "teous eyes from all their threatening ven- "geance—let confidence resume its empire "in your gentle bosom—be generous as "you are good.

"Laura,"—here his voice failed—"your "reproaches pierce me to the heart—I al- "most lose the power to breathe—here--- "feel my trembling heart—it beats with "insupportable agony—you *only* can re- "store it to tranquillity. Renew, then, "I conjure you, those moments of ineffa- "ble delight, that blessed me with return- "ing love—renew those delicious bonds,

" which bound us up in one common ex-
" istence—save me from the worst of
" pangs—to hate myself, and be despised
" by thee."

" I must not—Mr Dormer, indeed, I
" *will* not—listen to these raptures. Tell
" me why I am here; for what purpose
" detained; while my unhappy parents are
" inconsolable about me?"

" Consent then, adorable Laura, to be
" mine; it is in vain to expect any other
" sanction than our own consent, under
" present circumstances. The instant the
" ceremony concludes I will restore you to
" your weeping parents—we will throw
" ourselves at your father's feet, as I do
" now at your's—we will sue him to forgive
" us—nature will assist our cause—he will
" raise us—press us to his heart: your
" amiable mother will weep over us—both

" will bless us. My uncle, when he sees
" your matchless beauty, and is compelled
" to acknowledge your transcendant
" virtues, will add his blessings—we shall
" be the envy of the world."

" Fine reasoning, Mr. Dormer, to snare
" a thoughtless mind; I am not, however,
" to be duped by sophistry; restore me to
" my father—he will be just to you—he
" loves his daughter—this effort of a great
" soul will doubly endear you to him; nor
" will it lose its merit in *my* estimation.
" On these terms, instantly fulfilled, I
" consent to pardon the past; but on no
" other—so witness heaven!"

Dormer perceiving he lost ground every moment, closed the contest, by begging she would give him a little time to fortify his mind with philosophy to bear her

loss, and he would endeavour to be all she wished.

They now entered into a little covenant, and both more composed, Dormer rang for breakfast.

During the repast, he enquired of Laura if she found all things to her wish, and expressed much satisfaction to learn his commands had been so strictly obeyed.

Several days past, Dormer nothing relaxing his respect: but Laura unceasingly importuned him to send her home, although he artfully contrived to parry the fatal blow.

At length, teized by the repeated failure of her hopes, and oppressed by the severe agitations of her mind on her parents ac-

count, Laura was taken with a slight fever, which confined her to her room.

The next day she was much worse; Mrs. Spraggs said it would be necessary to call in assistance, unless her disorder took a favourable turn before night.—Dormer fired at the news—he feared to lose her; but he also feared detection—he paced the room like one distracted.

Meanwhile, repeated quarrels had taken place between Miss Aurelia Clementina and her protector—the respect, with which she saw Laura treated, raised up every mean and selfish resentment in her bosom—she called the dignity of Laura's conduct, tyranny; the submission of Dormer, abject slavery. She saw her rival was likely to get off triumphant, and sickened at the idea.

The goodness of Laura's constitution, however, overcame her temporary malady, and her recovery was materially assisted by Dormer's promises to let her go home, as soon as she could bear the fatigue—he even permitted her to write a letter to her father; but took care not to let it reach the post-office.

Our heroine was not insensible to the tenderness with which Dormer had watched the progress of her disorder; something like a sigh bespoke her gratitude; she began to think it possible he might, hereafter, deserve forgiveness; and fancy once at work, upon the subject, she built one prospect on another, till she almost found herself at the church door with the most amiable of men.

The fever was succeeded by that soft and dangerous kind of languor which ener

vates the mind, and leaves the heart open to every weakness. Laura sat up in her room; Dormer was admitted to her society: she thanked him for his care of her —began to smile—and was more interestingly beautiful than ever.

Dormer had taken leave of Laura about nine in the evening, and was sitting over the fire in the Library, meditating on the steps best to be pursued; despairing to reduce her angelic virtues to the common standard of humanity; when his evil genius, in the form of Miss Aurelia Clementina, abruptly entered the room.

" Upon my word, Mr. Dormer, these " are fine goings-on—here's a to-do, in- " deed, with this whimsical piece of mo- " desty you have brought into *my* house— " but I will not be your dupe an hour " longer. Pursue your scheme—or you

" shall know what it is to provoke a wo-
" man's vengeance."

" Why, you unconscionable little devil,"
replied Dormer, rather alarmed—" are you
" not paid for what you do ?"

" Paid, Mr. Dormer! can money calm
" the workings of revenge and jealousy in
" a woman's soul?—Poor man, learn to
" know the sex better! I am insulted
" every hour in the day, by the respect
" with which you treat this artful creature,
" while my person is wholly neglected;
" nor does this even satisfy you—I am to
" be the attendant, truly, of your stubborn
" tyrant—I am to bow before her sovereign
" command—no, Dormer, I will die first."

" One word, madam, is enough—either
" complete your agreement or,"———

" Or what, Sir!—complete your's, and

" I shall be satisfied—reduce this haughty
" beauty to my level—and I will kiss your
" feet.

" Was I, pray, treated in this man-
" ner?—Were all these farcical delicacies
" thought necessary to compass my ruin?
—Were my tears regarded—my inno-
" cence respected?—No!—Like a satyr
" you rushed into my arms, and triumphed
" with a savage smile."

" I will order a chaise," said Dormer, rising to ring, " you shall not sleep ano-
" ther night in this house."

" Ah! do you threaten?— specious
" villain!—Then tremble at a woman's
" wrongs. Move one step from where
" you stand, and I will unmask you to the
" world.—What! shall the man hesitate
" to proceed, who is already familiar with

" the extremes of guilt? Have you not
" torn her from the arms of her parents,
" by means too horrible for repetition?
" Her fame too is destroyed—the next
" step, comparatively, is no crime.—This
" night, Mr. Dormer—aye!—this very
" night—or you are lost for ever!——
" One of you, I am determined, shall be
" on a level with myself."

This speech was accompanied by such frantic gesticulation, Dormer thought he saw all that ruin realized her frenzy had predicted—he clasped his hands across his eyes—while his companion, with folded arms, gazed full upon him, awaiting his reply.

Dormer was silent.

" Determine," said she, another mo-
" ment will be too late."

" To night," said Dormer in a tremulous voice—" Impossible—she is ill."

" Trifling subterfuge!——she is now " dreaming of you, depend on it, and " will thank you, in her heart, for the intru- " sion——here is the key to the secret " pannel."

Urged by this malignant demon—inspired with Champagne——inflamed with desire—Dormer snatched up the candle, as the clock struck ONE, and proceeded to Laura's chamber.

His heart beat violently as he unlocked the pannel—he crept, on tiptoe, into the room——but had not advanced many paces, when Laura, rising suddenly in bed, exclaimed,

" Who's there ?"

Dormer, in his dressing gown, now approached the bed; and Laura, uttering a violent shriek, sprang, from the opposite side, to the further part of the room.

" Forbear, my best beloved," said Dormer tenderly, " no harm can reach you " when love's so near.—Your cries are " fruitless.—In this house my will is a law " —No succour can possibly reach you.— " Come, then, thou master piece of heaven, disarm the rigour of thy purpose " —thus,"-----folding her waist,----" let " me lead you to bliss unutterable!" .

Laura dropped from his arms upon her knees, and raising her supplicating eyes to his, a celestial glance deprecated his fury.

The beauty of the object however—the negligence of her night clothes—the mad-

dening impulse of passion—hurried the Libertine to improve the moment. He again folded her almost naked form.—He felt her agonized bosom throb against his heart—He trembled ; and was unable, from excessive agitation, to raise her to the bed.

At this perilious moment, Laura, by a desperate spring, leaped from his arms ;—She read the wildness of his wishes in his rolling eyes—She appealed to the MOST HIGH for succour.

On her knees, with uplifted hands—the fervor of zealous piety emanating her heavenly countenance,—she devoutly offered up a silent prayer at the throne of Mercy.

Religion beamed around her person—— Dormer stood aghast !

" Be composed, sweet Excellence," said he, after a pause—again approaching.—

Laura moved towards him with the celerity of lightening—siezed his hands with a convulsive grasp—holding him, at arm's length, from her.

The tumult of his breast began to subside—his features softened. Laura hailed the blessed omen; and, looking with expressive confidence on him, said tenderly,

" Augustus! *dear* Augustus! spare the
" unhappy Laura—— protect her, and
" heaven will reward you——oh, preserve
" from everlasting misery the life you
" have saved—be again my guardian angel,
" and I will do every thing you can, in
" honour, ask."

" Laura! your virtues are the peculiar

" care of heaven.—Arise, angel of Per-
" fection !----You have conquered, and
" may trust, me."

" My God I thank thee !- ---Now Aug-
" ustus, pray leave the room ; my distress
" is insupportable."

" And you promise to be mine ?"

" I do."

" One reconciling kiss before we part ?"

" Oh, No—No—No—leave me—leave
" me."

" One chaste embrace, Laura !"

He kissed her passionately.—" Now
" take the fatal key.——Remember !"

With these words, he darted through the opened pannel, which Laura on the instant fastened; and then, bursting into a flood of tears, sank, almost senseless, upon the carpet.

Our heroine lay for some time in a stupor, which was succeeded by delirium.—In the rage of burning fancy, she had wandered through innumerable difficulties; and arrived at last at a little hovel, to which she heard her father had retreated. Her mother had fallen a victim to her terror on the night of the fire, aided by her subsequent sufferings at the loss of her daughter. —Her father was grown old and feeble— She found him reclining on a miserable pallet—his fine eyes were dimmed—robbed of their wonted expression—his pale wan cheek scarcely betrayed signs of life—his decayed frame bent, listlessly, over his hard couch.

Laura hastened to approach this remnant of her beloved parent; and, as she pressed his withered hand, the poor old man suddenly turned round.—A gleam of joy renovated his countenance; he would have spoken; he would have embraced his long lost child.——But nature had approached its last ebb—this effort of sudden transport extinguished the trembling spark—he sank backwards, and expired!

On this appalling vision, the wretched Laura continued, for some time, to look with all the tokens of intense, yet vacant, contemplation—she then kissed his still-warm lips—she hung over his lifeless body; but she could not utter a syllable, or give a single tear to his memory.——Her heart was almost bursting!

Then observing that his clenched hand contained a paper, she, with difficulty,

unclosed the convulsive grasp of death, and having unfolded, thus perused its contents.

TO LAURA MANLY.

A little longer, and these hollow eyes,
Will, with these haggard looks, reproach no more—
A little longer, and these deep-drawn sighs,
These bursts of agony—will all be o'er.

I little thought, when smiling in my arms,
Marking each op'ning beauty of thy face,
Gazing, with rapture, on thy infant charms,
While fancy pictur'd every rising grace;

I little thought, that like th' expanding rose,
Which blooms so sweetly in gay Summer's morn;
That, as it grew, 'twould rob me of repose,
And sting my bosom with a deadly thorn.

Oh! 'tis too much—life cannot long sustain—
And while I think, my brain, with grief, turns wild:
It cannot long support the torturing pain—
The worst of evils!——— AN UNGRATEFUL CHILD.

Tho now you treat me with unfeeling scorn,
Thy wretched father will his child forgive;
Remorse will come, when to the grave I'm borne,
And bitter anguish in thy bosom live.

A time, my poor misguided child, will come,
When my reproaches you no longer hear;
When I am carried to my last long home,
Too late—repentance will thy bosom tear.

Oh, God! upon my wretched child look down,
To virtue's path her erring steps restore,
May her repentance, for her crimes, atone!
Oh grant *this* pray'r.—My last breath asks no more!

A horrible shriek now palsied her whole frame, and in the act of falling over her father's corpse——Laura awoke!

Large drops rolled from her forehead—the maddening recollection of her dream

was so perfect, she still dwelt on its reality —amazed—terrified—trembling—she felt as if every faculty was deserting her—she believed she still pressed her beloved parent's death-cold hand ; while the words, on the mysterious paper, seemed to be engraven on her heart in burning characters.

The fire was quite out: but the lamp still glimmered on the hearth—Laura sat on the floor; her left hand supported her agitated frame ; the right circled her forehead.—It appeared on fire——the rapid pulsation of her temples seemed to portend a speedy dissolution.

Presently, the clock struck five—she arose with the sound—a soft and placid composure now gradually relaxed her features—her eyes had lost their wildness ; and with an inspiration, decisive as it was sudden, she hastily dressed herself in the

clothes she wore, when stolen from home; loosed the fastenings of her chamber door; and, with the lamp in her hand, advanced to the head of the stairs.

Here she paused------nothing stirred except the echoing winds that groaned among the almost leafless trees.

With timid steps, and renewed caution, our heroine descended to the hall; when she found the key of the entrance had been removed.

Disappointed, but not shaken in her purpose, she gave a fearful look around; and, at the moment, recollecting the bow windows of the library were low, and that room more remote than any in the house, she opened the door; and having locked it inside, soon effected her escape through the window.

A small, constant, rain was falling—still the undaunted Laura proceeded.

When she came to the gates, which were very lofty, and surmounted with iron spikes, she very composedly climbed over the hand railing, that extended a few yards on either side, and lowering herself quietly down the bank, caught at the Chinese work above the abutments of the bridge; and then, by an effort and constancy, heaven alone could have given her, she swung from one hold to another, and thus reached the opposite side of the ditch.

END OF VOL. I.

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